

MAY
No. 53

SMASH

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COMICS

MIDNIGHT
GOES BEHIND THE
EIGHTBALL
TO FIND OUT:
IS THERE HONOR
AMONG THIEVES?



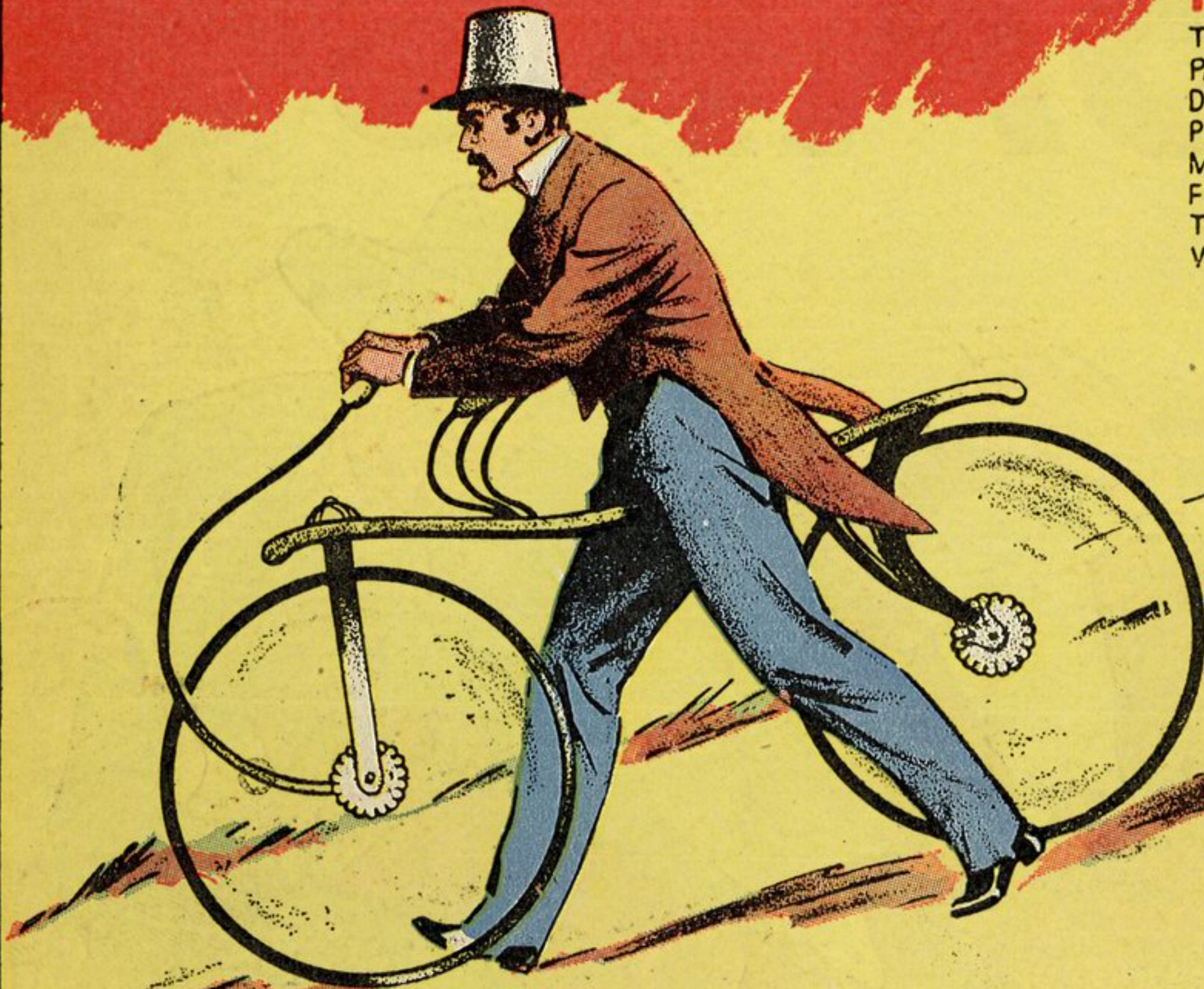


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BIKE-OLOGY

NO PEDALS

THE FIRST SINGLE-TRACK BICYCLE, PATENTED IN ENGLAND IN 1818 BY DENNIS JOHNSON, DIDN'T HAVE PEDALS. FORWARD MOTION WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY MOVING THE FEET ALONG THE GROUND IN MUCH THE SAME MANNER AS WHEN WALKING —



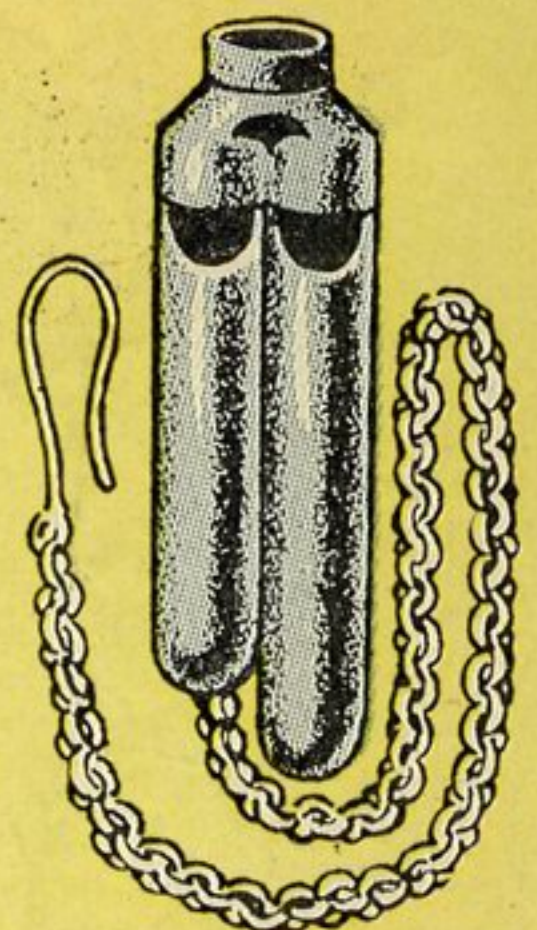
SKY BIKES

FOLDING BICYCLES, USED BY PARATROOPERS, ARE ATTACHED TO PARACHUTES AND DROPPED TO THE GROUND WHERE THEY ARE THEN ASSEMBLED —



THE CALIOPE WHISTLE

ADOPTED BY THE BOSTON BICYCLE CLUB AROUND 1880. LIKE THE BICYCLE BELLS OF TODAY, THIS WHISTLE WAS USED FOR WARNING PEDESTRIAN AND OTHER TRAFFIC —



THE MORROW*COASTER BRAKE-

KNOWN AND TRUSTED SINCE THE EARLIEST DAYS OF BICYCLING, IS THE ONLY AMERICAN MADE BICYCLE BRAKE WITH 31 BALL BEARINGS SERVING AMERICA TODAY ON THE HOMEFRONT, AS WELL AS ON THE FIGHTING FRONTS, IT IS TRULY LIVING UP TO ITS REPUTATION OF A VITAL MEMBER OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

* TRADE MARK OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

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THAT FEMALE
WENCH!..
I'LL GET HER
FOR THIS!

WANTED
FOR
MURDER!
MIDNIGHT!

WANTED
FOR
MURDER!
MIDNIGHT!

WANTED
FOR
MURDER!
MIDNIGHT!

BY PAUL

GUSTAVSON

SMASH COMICS



AREN'T YOU GLAD WE WAITED UP TO WALK HOME WITH YOU, DAVE? WE FIGGERED YOU'D HAD A HARD DAY AT THE RADIO STUDIO!

HARD? GAH! IF I HAVE TO ANNOUNCE THAT YAWP ABOUT PIKE'S PRETTY PINK PILLS FOR PEPLESS PEOPLE MANY MORE TIMES, I'LL QUIT!



YAWN! IT'LL FEEL SO GOOD TO GET INTO OUR QUIET APARTMENT AND SETTLE DOWN TO A NICE ---



...PEACEFUL EVENING!



COME IN, DAVE CLARK! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

I THINK YOU MEAN-- WOO-WOO!

WHO--- WHO---



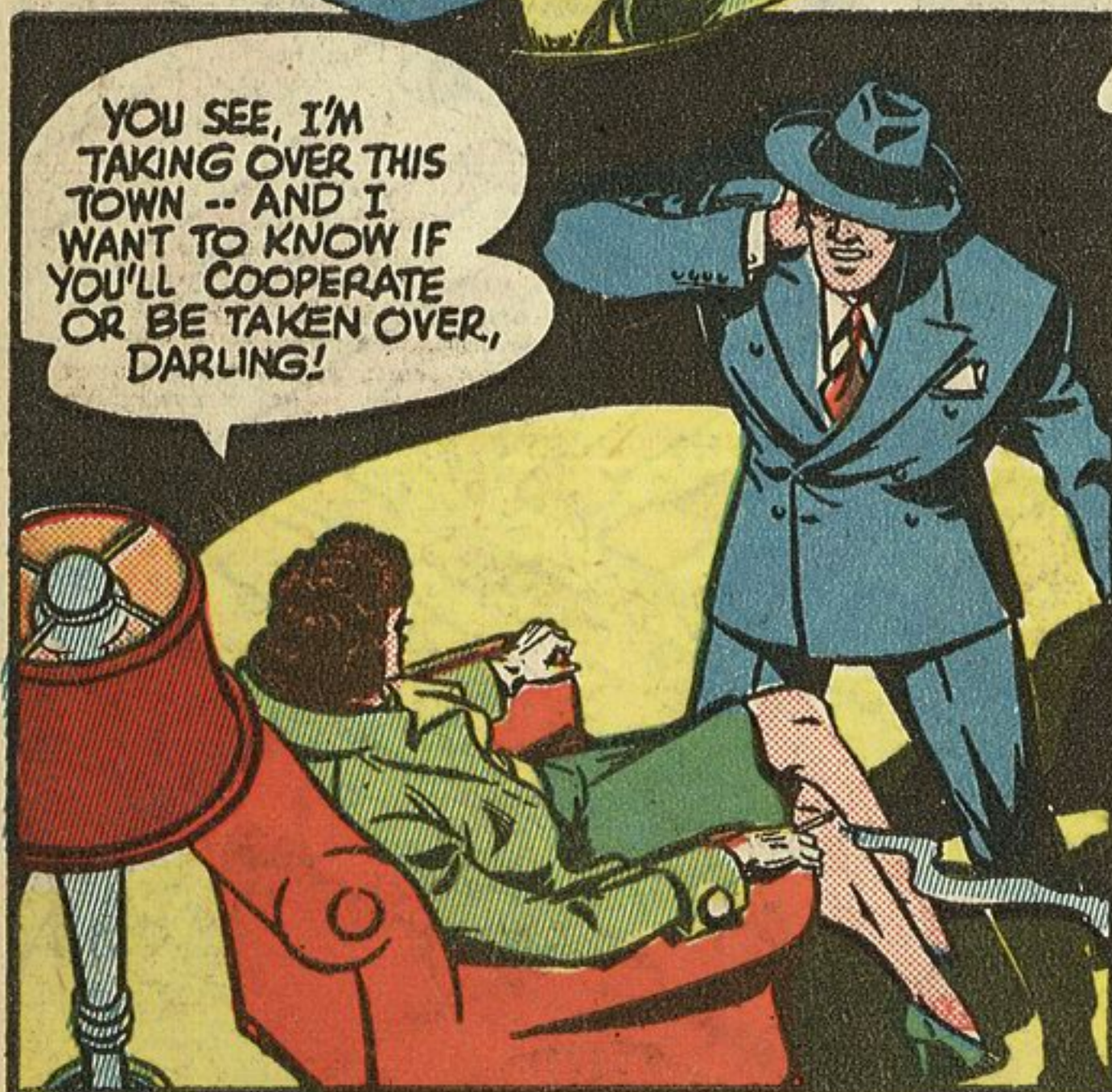
ER--AH--- WHYN'CHA TELL US YOU WERE-- --UH-- BUSY, DAVE?

YEAH! WE'LL BE RUNNING ALONG!

CUT THE ---OH, YOU-WOLF-ACT! I DON'T KNOW THIS GAL FROM EVE!

OKAY, SISTER... WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BUSTING INTO MY APARTMENT?

CALL ME DARLA... AND I DROPPED IN TO MAKE YOU A PROPOSITION!



YOU SEE, I'M TAKING OVER THIS TOWN -- AND I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU'LL COOPERATE OR BE TAKEN OVER, DARLING!



T-TAKING OVER??... YOU'RE A CROOK? BUT WHY PICK ON ME?

THE BEST REASONS!... AND I'M INTERESTED IN YOU, SWEET, BECAUSE YOU'RE A PAL OF MIDNIGHT-- AND HE'S POISON!



YOU MAY BE MIDNIGHT-- THOUGH I DOUBT IT! YOU DON'T LOOK SMART ENOUGH! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER!



I'LL GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE TO TELL ME WHO MIDNIGHT IS! IF YOU REFUSE, SOMETHING TERRIBLE WILL HAPPEN TO YOU!

WHY, YOU --!! I'LL GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I BEAT BUMPS ON YOUR BUSTLE!



OKAY, SUGAR... BUT DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU! 'BYE, HONEY!

GOODBYE! AND STAY CLEAR OF THE PARK, BEAUTIFUL! I HEAR THE SQUIRRELS ARE CRAZY ABOUT NUTS!



THE NERVE OF THAT DAME! --THINKING SHE CAN MANAGE A CRIMINAL EMPIRE AND DO SOMETHING TERRIBLE TO ME! HAH!!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, DAVE! BUT THAT BABE'S DYNAMITE!



Meanwhile... IN THE STREET BELOW...

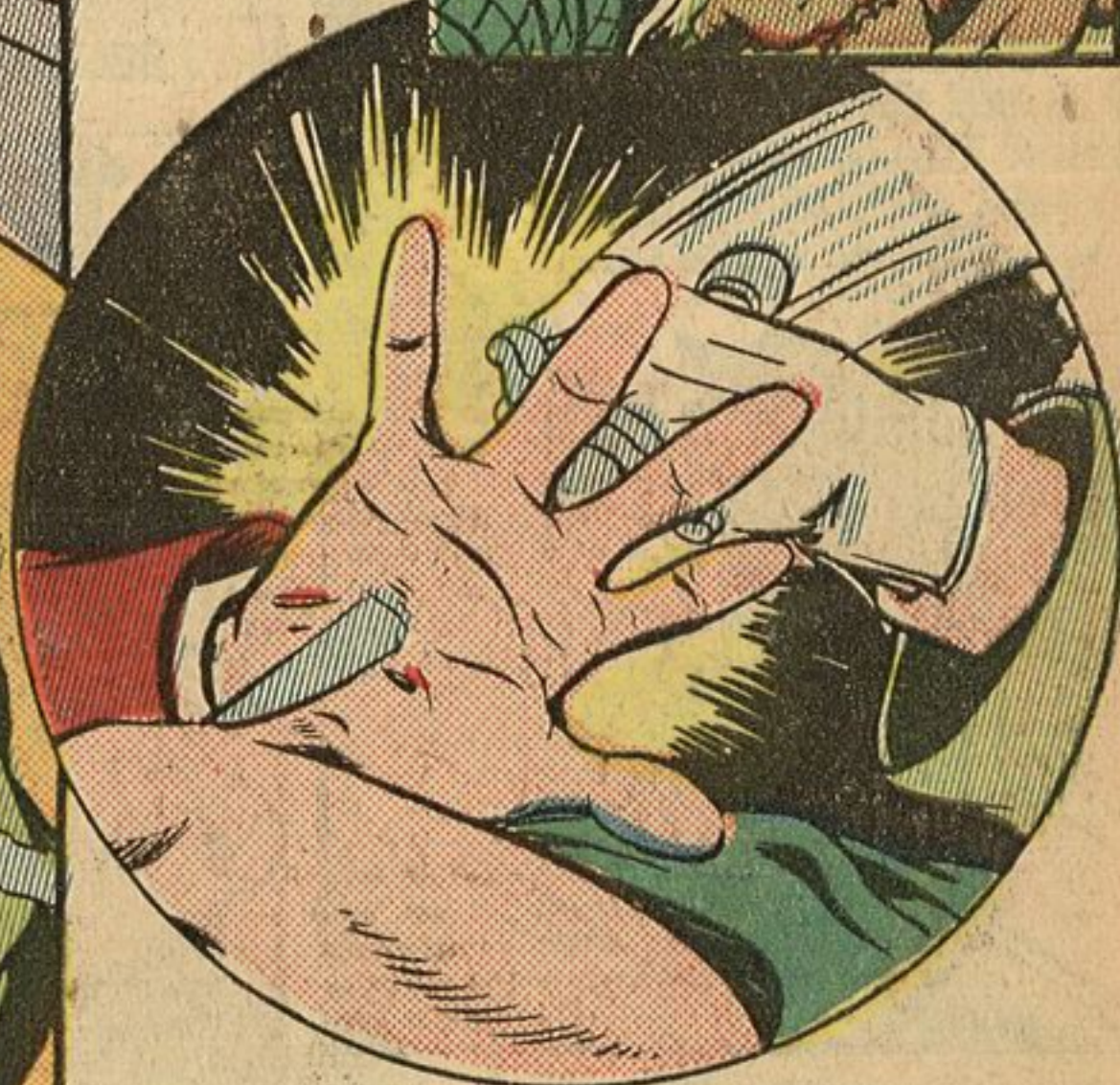
STEP RIGHT IN, DARL-- I MEAN, BOSS! HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT?

SO-SO! HE NEEDS A LESSON-- SOMETHING THAT WILL SPREAD MY REPUTATION!



A LESSON, HAH? LEMME SEE ---

HMMM!... I THINK YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE, MOXIE!



JUST A LITTLE REMINDER, MOXIE, THAT OUR RELATIONS ARE STRICTLY BUSINESS!

YOU... YOU WILDCAT!! OOOOOH!... ME HAND!



LET'S SEE --- SOMETHING SENSATIONAL, SO EVERYBODY WILL KNOW WHAT IT COSTS TO BUCK DARLA DEE! MMMM! I HAVE IT!



MOXIE, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO REDEEM YOURSELF! NOW, LISTEN CLOSELY TO MY INSTRUCTIONS!

Y-YES, BOSS!



A LITTLE WHILE LATER...

L-LISTEN, BOYS! **GASP** YUH GOTTA PROTECT ME! HE'S GONNA KILL ME -- CARVE ME UP WITH A BIG KNIFE! HE'S MURDER-MAD -- I TELL YUH!

YEAH? WHO IS?



DAVE CLARK! HE THINKS I CROSSED HIM ON A DEAL!

CLARK??... HE'S JUST A RADIO ANNOUNCER! HE WOULDN'T HURT A FLY!



YUH GOTTA LISTEN, FELLOWS! LOOK HOW HE CARVED MY HAND BEFORE I GOT LOOSE! I SWEAR...

AW, GO AN' SLEEP IT OFF! YOU BEEN HAVIN' CRAZY DREAMS, YOU DOPE!



WELL, I DONE WHAT SHE SAID, BUT IT DON'T MAKE SENSE! NOR DOES HER TELLIN' ME TO MEET HER AN' TH' GANG DOWN HERE!



I DONE IT, BOSS! BUT IT WAS LIKE I TOLD YUH! ... THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME!

BUT THEY WILL, MOXIE! THEY'LL BELIEVE YOU TOMORROW!

WAIT! WHAT DO YUH MEAN, THEY'LL BELIEVE ME TOMORROW? QUIT LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE DAT!

GO AHEAD, SAM!



SEE WHAT I MEAN, NOW, MOXIE?

UH AGH... HUUH GUG GUG GAHH!



THAT'LL DO SAM! LET THE LAST WORD TRAIL OFF! NOW I'LL PHONE THE POLICE!



WHAT TH'--?? WHAT'S THE IDEA, BREAKING INTO MY BEDROOM?

CAN THE ACT, CLARK! WE GOTCHA COLD! GET YOUR CLOTHES ON AND COME ALONG! YOU'RE WANTED FOR MURDER!



COMES THE BITTER DAWN....

THEY--THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO YOU! YOU DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY!

THEY ARE DOING IT! HOW CAN I PROVE I DIDN'T SNEAK OUT, KILL THE GUY, AND SNEAK BACK INTO BED AGAIN?



DON'T WORRY, DAVE! WE'LL TEAR THE TOWN APART FOR YOU! WE'LL DIG UP EVIDENCE TO CLEAR YOU BEFORE THE TRIAL!

THANKS, GANG! I'D ASK MIDNIGHT TO HELP--BUT HE'S--ER--TIED UP FOR THE TIME BEING!



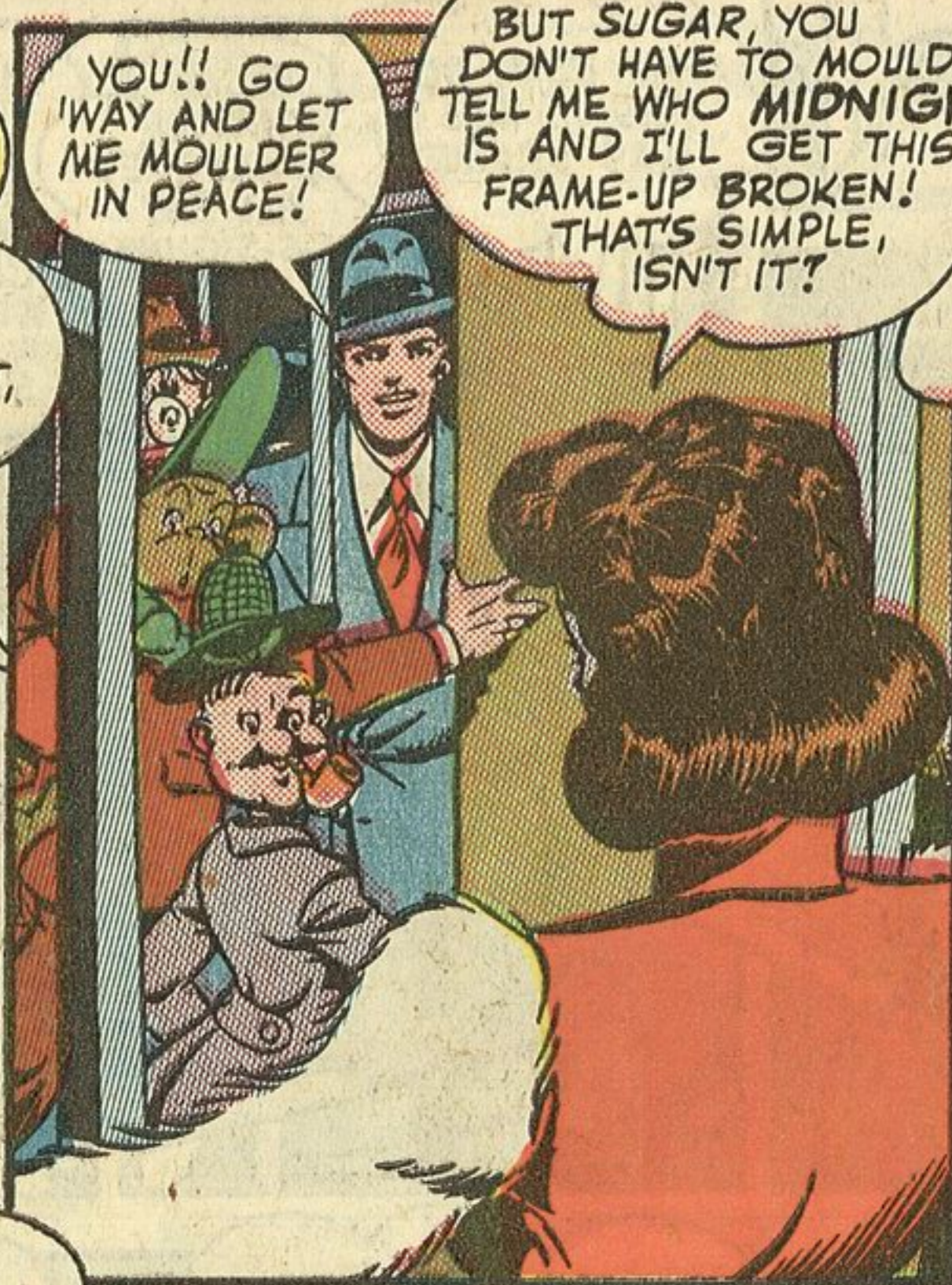
WORK FAST! THEY MAY SHOVE MY TRIAL THROUGH WITHIN A COUPLE OF WEEKS!

AS THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE, I'LL PERSONALLY MANAGE THE CASE!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I NEVER TANGLED WITH THIS MOXIE DOE!-- HARDLY KNEW THE GUY! WHY SHOULD HE CLAIM I KILLED HIM?

MAYBE I CAN ANSWER THAT, HONEY!



YOU!! GO 'WAY AND LET ME MOULDER IN PEACE!

BUT SUGAR, YOU DON'T HAVE TO MOULDER! TELL ME WHO MIDNIGHT IS AND I'LL GET THIS FRAME-UP BROKEN! THAT'S SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?

OH! SO YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS! I WOULDN'T EVEN TELL YOU THE TIME, BABY!

OF COURSE, LITTLE DARLA PLANNED THE WHOLE THING! REMEMBER-- I WARNED YOU!



AND I'M WARNING YOU! GET OUT OF TOWN! MY PALS WILL DIG UP EVIDENCE TO CLEAR ME!

THEY'LL HAVE TO HURRY, HONEY!



I JUST NOW HAD A SESSION WITH THAT SWEET OLD JUDGE! FOR ME, HE'S PUSHING THE TRIAL UP AHEAD OF ALL THE OTHER CASES!

WHY, YOU--!!



IT STARTS TOMORROW MORNING, IN FACT! 'BYE-BYE, HANDSOME!

The Trial Begins...



"AND JUST BECAUSE POOR MOXIE, MY CHAUFFEUR, ACCIDENTALLY SPLASHED MUD ON HIM, HE SWORE HE'D KILL HIM ..."

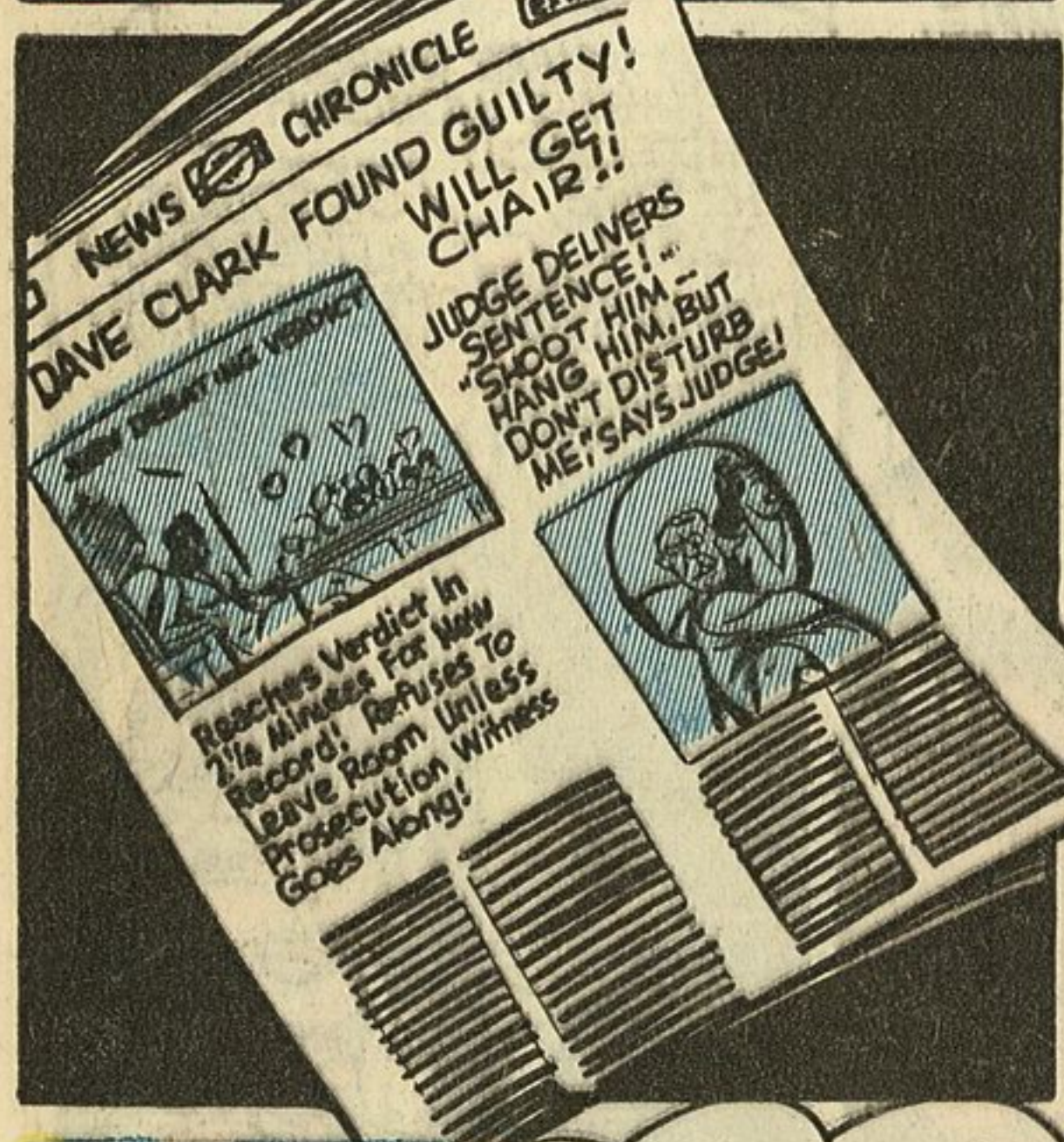
WHAT? OF ALL THE DIRTY LIES---

SIT DOWN! SHE'S GOT THOSE DOPES HYPNOTIZED!

...AND TO SUM UP, GENTLEMEN, MY CLIENT WAS PEACEFULLY ASLEEP IN HIS BED WHEN THIS DASTARDLY DEED WAS DONE ---

LOOK AT 'EM! LOOK AT 'EM! NOT ONE OF 'EM'S EVEN HEARING THE EVIDENCE!

MAYBE IF I STOOD ON MY HEAD, THEY'D PAY ATTENTION!



NEWS CHRONICLE
DAVE CLARK FOUND GUILTY! WILL GET CHAIR!!

JUDGE DELIVERS SENTENCE! ... SHOOT HIM, BUT HANG HIM, BUT DON'T DISTURB ME! SAYS JUDGE!

Reaches Verdict in 2 1/2 Minutes For New Record! Refuses To Leave Room Unless Prosecution Witness Goes Along!



YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I WAS FRAMED!

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY ... S-S-SIGHHH...

THIS IS AWFUL! TERRIBLE! ... DAVE'S BEING RAILROADED RIGH TO THE CHAIR -- AND WE CAN'T DO A THING TO SAVE HIM!

IF HE COULD GET OUT AND RUN AROUND AS MIDNIGHT, HE'D CRACK THIS CASE IN A HURRY!

YEAH! MIDNIGHT COULD DO IT! SA-A-AY!



HEY, STUPOR-PAN! WHAT'RE YOU UP TO NOW?

NOTHING -- NOTHING! -- JUST REMEMBERED AN IMPORTANT ERRAND! ... BE SEEING YOU!

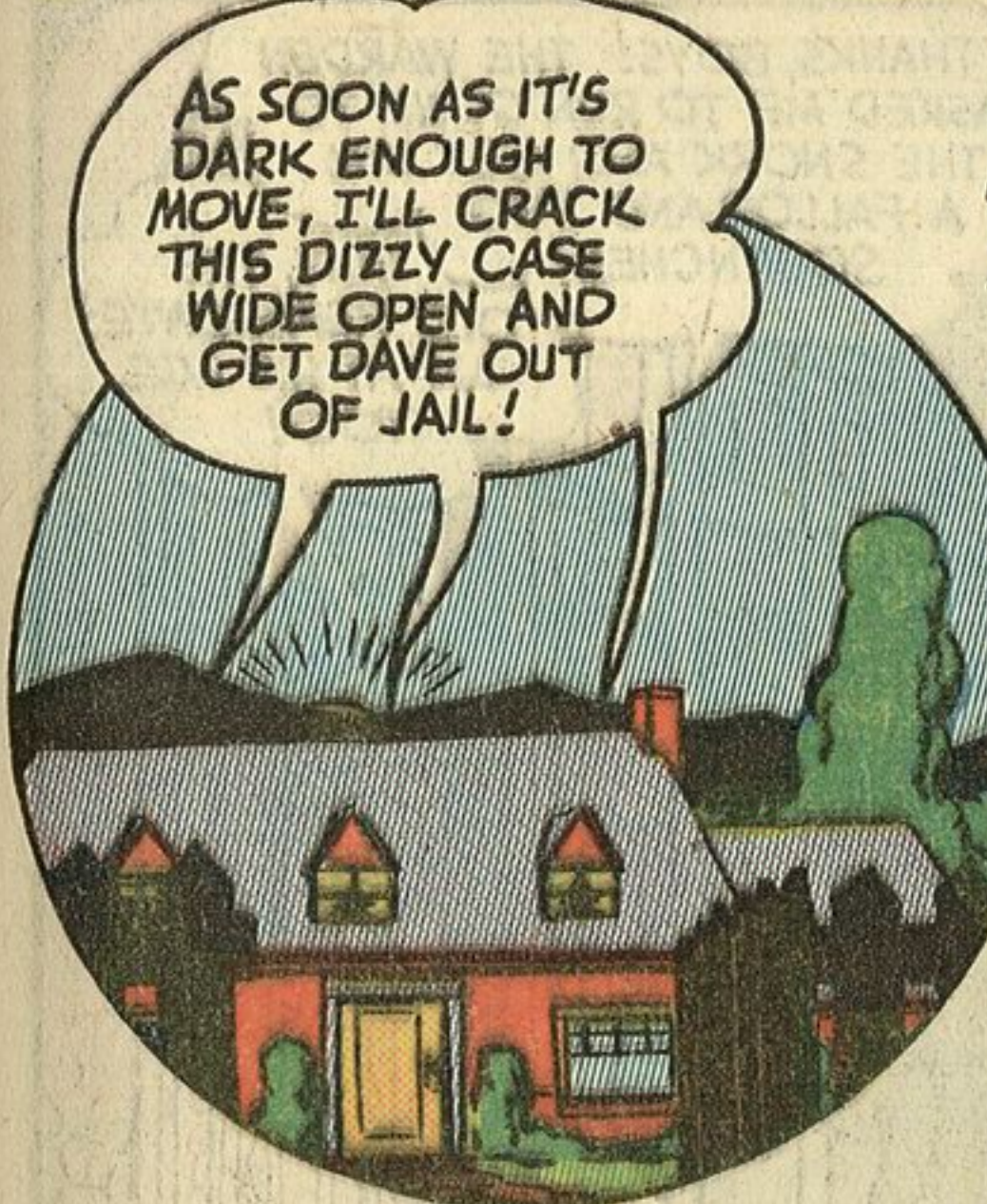
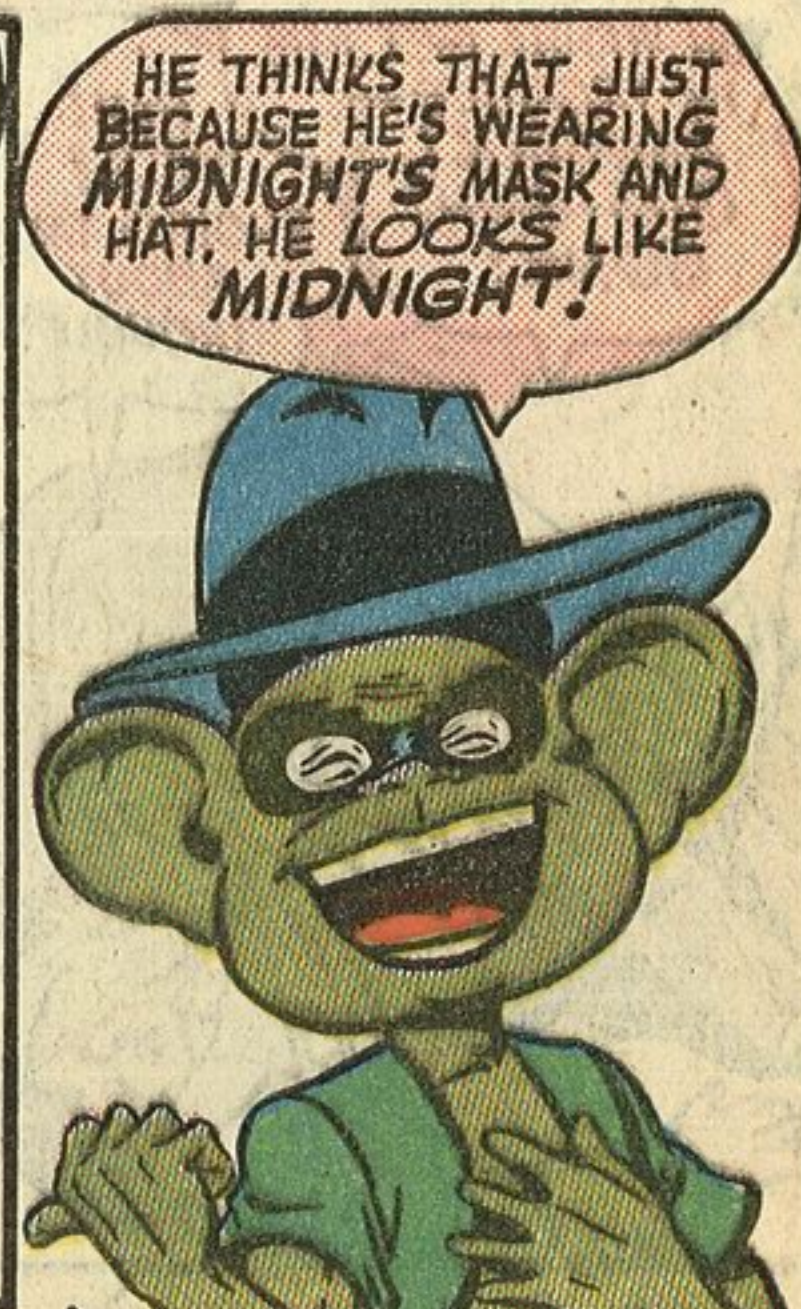


THERE'S NO SENSE IN HAVING MIDNIGHT DISAPPEAR WHEN DAVE'S IN JAIL! SOMEBODY HAS TO CARRY ON HIS CRIME-FIGHTING CAREER!

AND



THERE! WHO SAYS MIDNIGHT CAN'T BE AROUND, CLEARING DAVE CLARK?!!



SMASH COMICS





I'LL SET THIS PORTABLE RECORDING MACHINE GOING AND THEN BARGE IN! SHE'LL BRAG, AS USUAL, AND THE MACHINE'LL RECORD EVERY WORD FOR THE POLICE...

HO - HUMMM! SO, DAY AFTER TOMORROW, DAVE CLARK BURNS! ... FUNNY THAT GUY MIDNIGHT DOESN'T SHOW UP AND START SOMETHING!





QUIET, NOW! I HEAR VOICES IN... HEY!! WHAT'S THAT THING?

IT MAKES A FUNNY NOISE! MAYBE IT'S A BOMB!

A BOMB?



WE'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES!

OMIGOSH! L-L-LOOK!



IT'S MIDNIGHT!

DON'T BE A CHUMP! DAVE CLARK'S MIDNIGHT! AND DAVE CLARK'S IN JAIL!

IT'S AN IMPOSTER SHE'S GONNA SEND OUT TO COMMIT CRIMES! LET'S WRECK HIM!



SO YOU ADMIT THAT YOU'VE MURDERED THREE OTHER MEN... AND THAT YOU HAD MOXIE KILLED TO FRAME DAVE CL... OOOOOOOFF!

GOTCHA, YOU IMPOSTER! C'MON, FELLAS-- KICK THE PHONY'S TEETH OUT!



GONNA GET OUR PAL JAMMED UP, WERE YOU, YOU HEEL?!!

WHAT--?? DOC! GABBY! SNIFFER! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

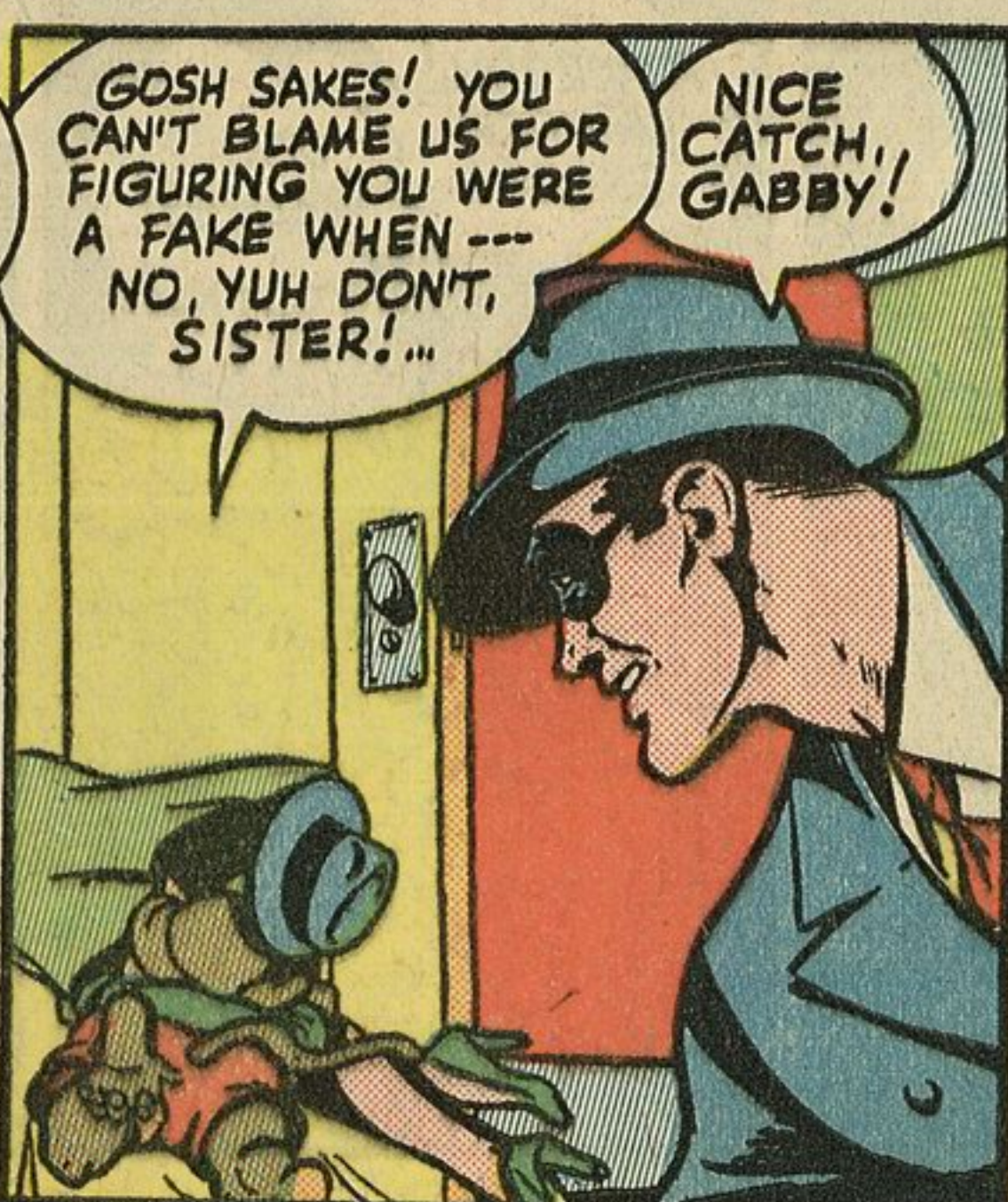
YOU DIZZY DOPES! WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON, ANYWAY!!!

EEEEOWW! HE'S THE REAL MIDNIGHT!



A FINE SPIRIT OF COOPERATION FROM YOU LUGS! ... WONDER YOU DON'T WEAR SPIKES ON YOUR SHOES!

I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE! ... THINGS AREN'T GOING RIGHT AT ALL!



GOSH SAKES! YOU CAN'T BLAME US FOR FIGURING YOU WERE A FAKE WHEN --- NO, YUH DON'T, SISTER!...

NICE CATCH, GABBY!



YOU'RE TELLING ME!



STICK AROUND, SWEETY-PIE!
YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT -- BUT
YOUR CONFESSION WAS
RECORDED ON A
DICTAPHONE JUST
OUTSIDE THE
DOOR!

DICTAPHONE??
WHY, YOU ---
©☆%&@#!!

DICTA ---
EEEEOW!!

OMIGOSH! MIDNIGHT!
"LISTEN!!"
BZZ-ZZZ-TTT--
TT-ZZZ-BZZZZ!

GULP
OUT THE
WINDOW!
ALL THAT
EVIDENCE!

THERE'S
ONE SLIM
CHANCE!

LISTEN, TOOTS!
YOU MIGHT BEAT
THE RAP FOR ONE
CRIME -- BUT NOT
FIVE! I'LL MAKE
YOU A
PROPOSITION!



YOU CONFESS
ENOUGH TO CLEAR
DAVE CLARK AND I'LL
--ER-- DESTROY THE
RECORD OF YOUR
OTHER CRIMES!

ALL RIGHT!
YOU WIN,
MIDNIGHT!
CALL A COP
AND I'LL
CLEAR YOUR
FRIEND!

WHEEEEEEE!

One Hour Later...

OKAY, CHUM!
I PROMISED
TO HURRY
BACK -- AND
HERE I
AM!

YOU -- !!
AND HERE
YOU'LL ROT,
TOO, FER ALLA
ME! WAIT'LL
THE WARDEN
HEARS ABOUT
THIS!

I'LL HAVE YOU
TARRED AND
FEATHERED! I'LL
MAKE 'EM PUT
YOU IN SOLITARY!
I'LL -- I'LL BURN
YOUR RATION
BOOKS!

TCH-
TCH!
WHAT
A
TEMPER
!



WARDEN!!
PUFF - PUFF
--ABOUT THIS
OF A CLARK!

YES,
McCARTHY!
I WAS COMING
TO TELL YOU....

LET CLARK
GO! THE REAL
KILLER CONFESSED!
AND CLARK'S TO
BE RELEASED
IMMEDIATELY!

AWWRRRRRK!

MIDNIGHT
WILL RETURN
FOR ANOTHER
RIPPING STORY
OF
ADVENTURE
IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF
SMASH
Comics!

SMASH COMICS

Rookie RANKIN

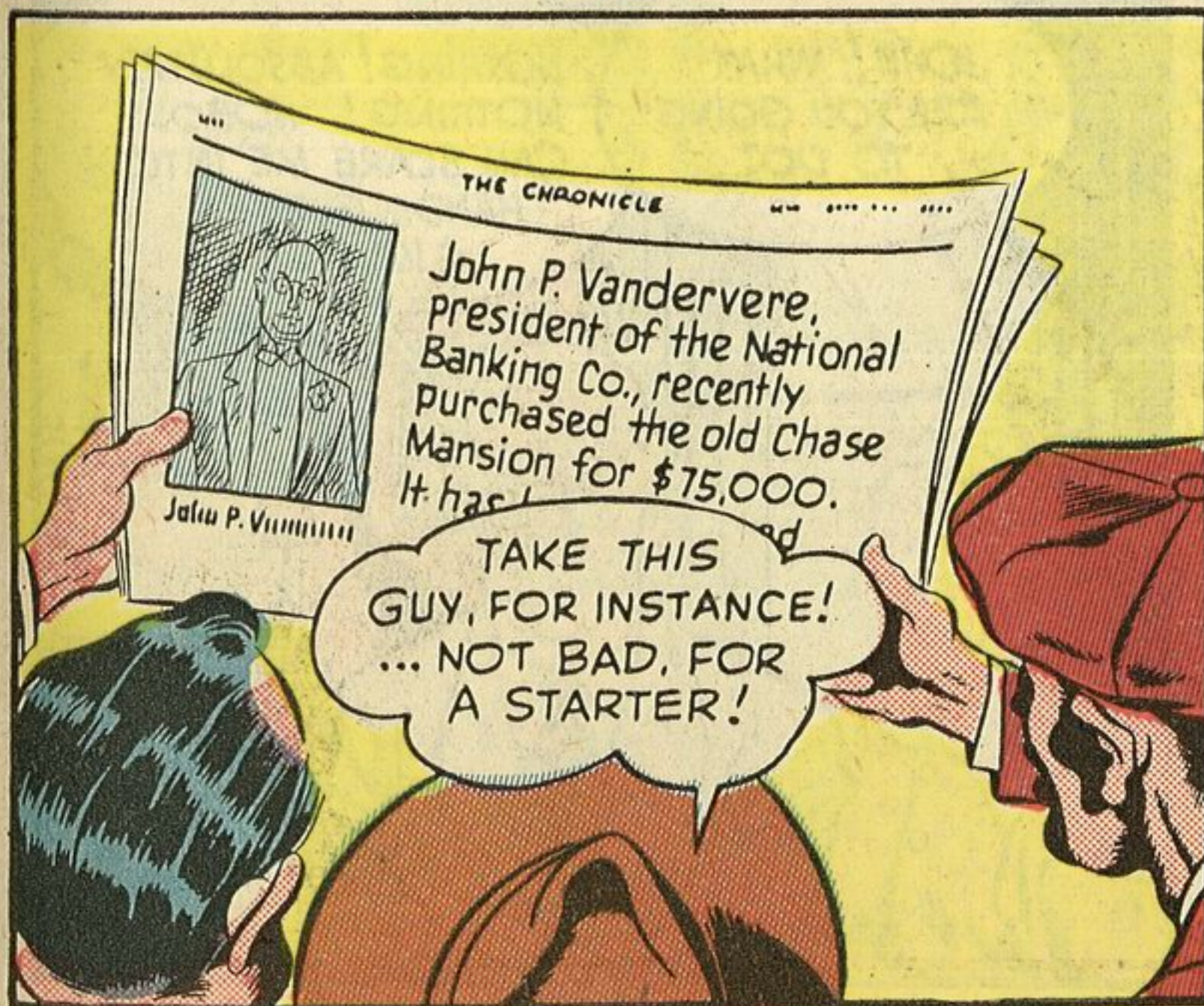
meets **Ronnie The Rat!**



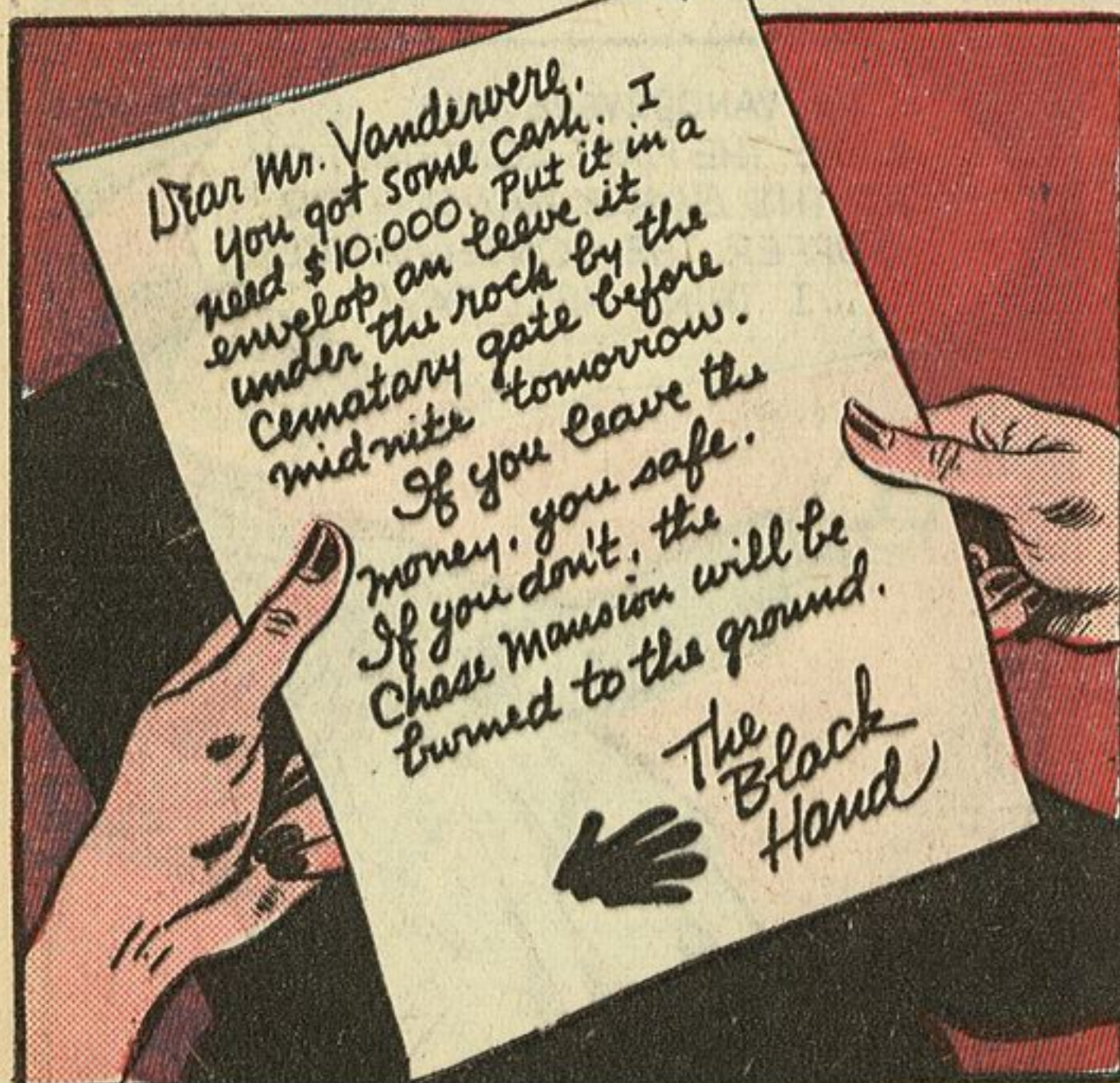
The BLACK HAND!

The words brought terror
at the turn of the Century!
Gangs flourished, as victims
paid off or faced ruin
or death!

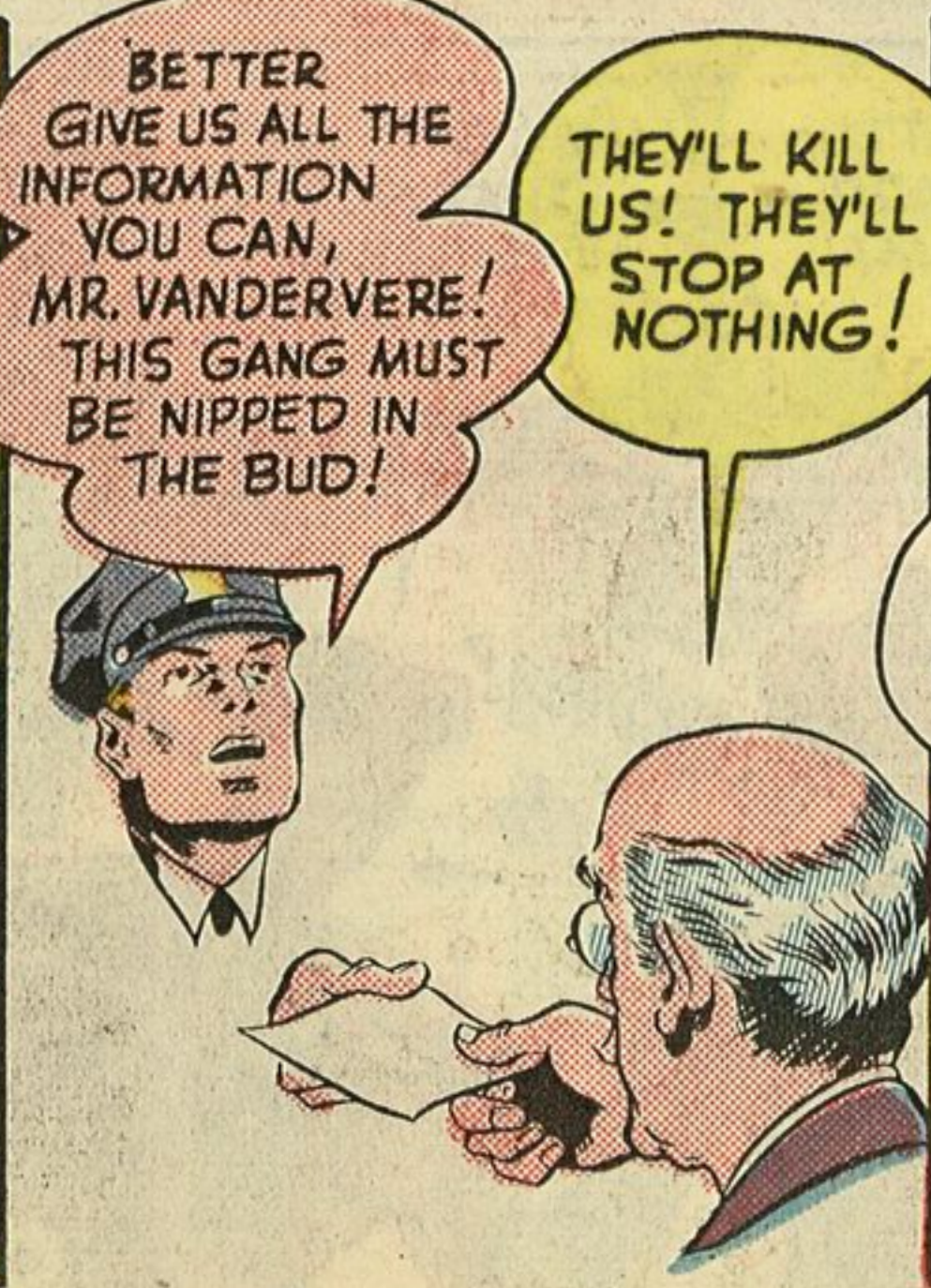
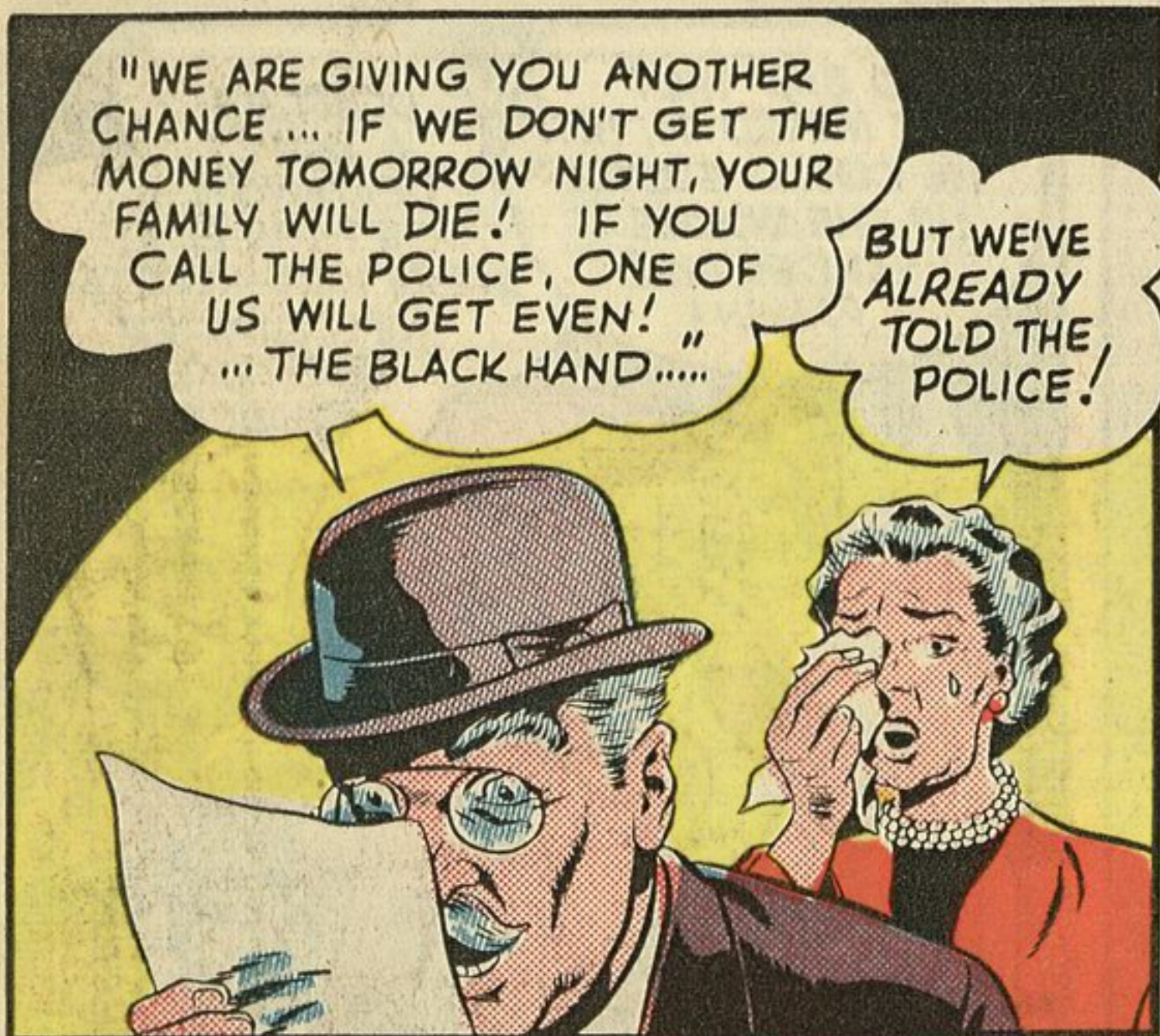
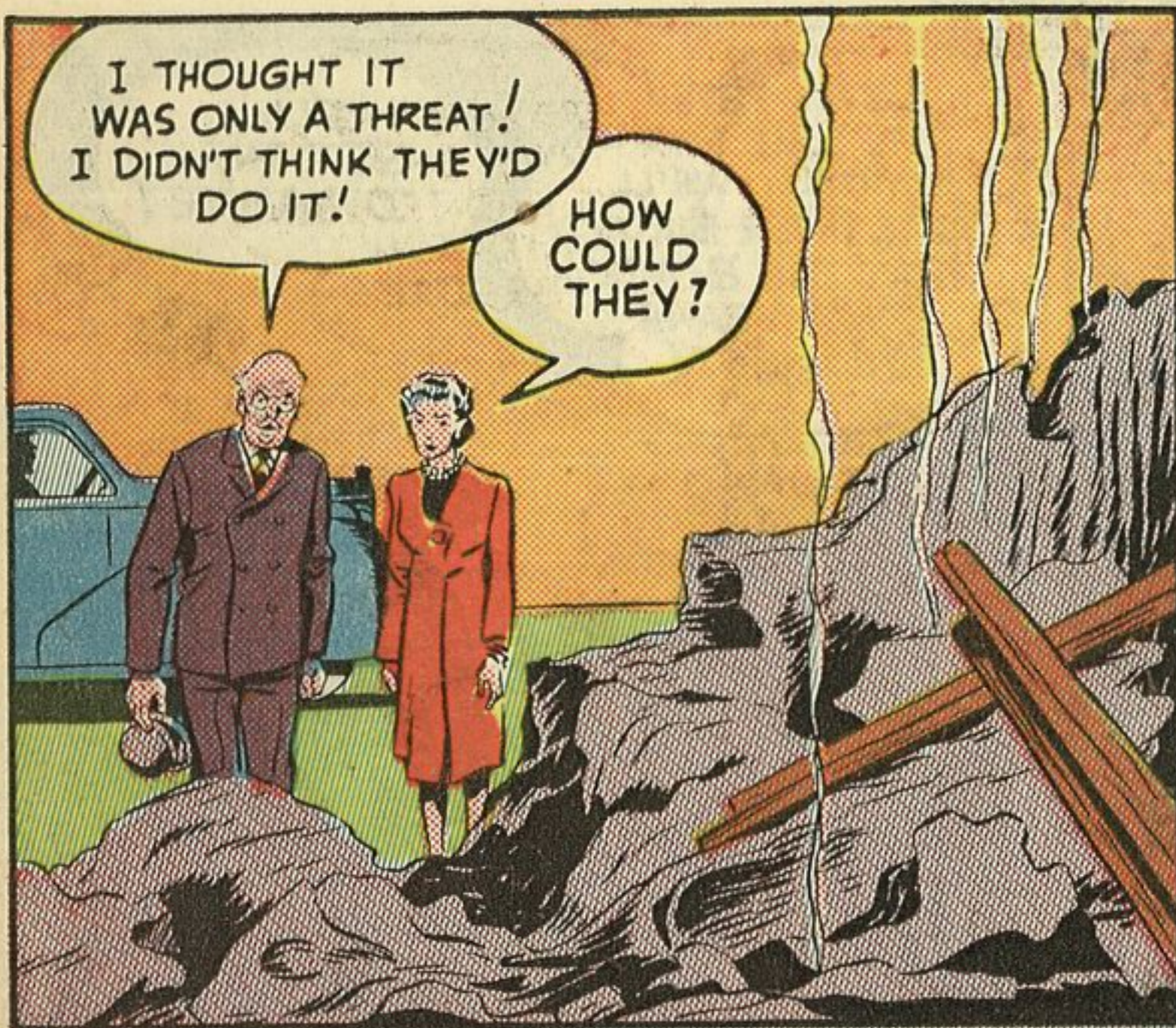
A revival of the Black
Hand Gang leads
Rookie Rankin
a merry chase and
into the clutches of
Ronnie The Rat!



SMASH COMICS







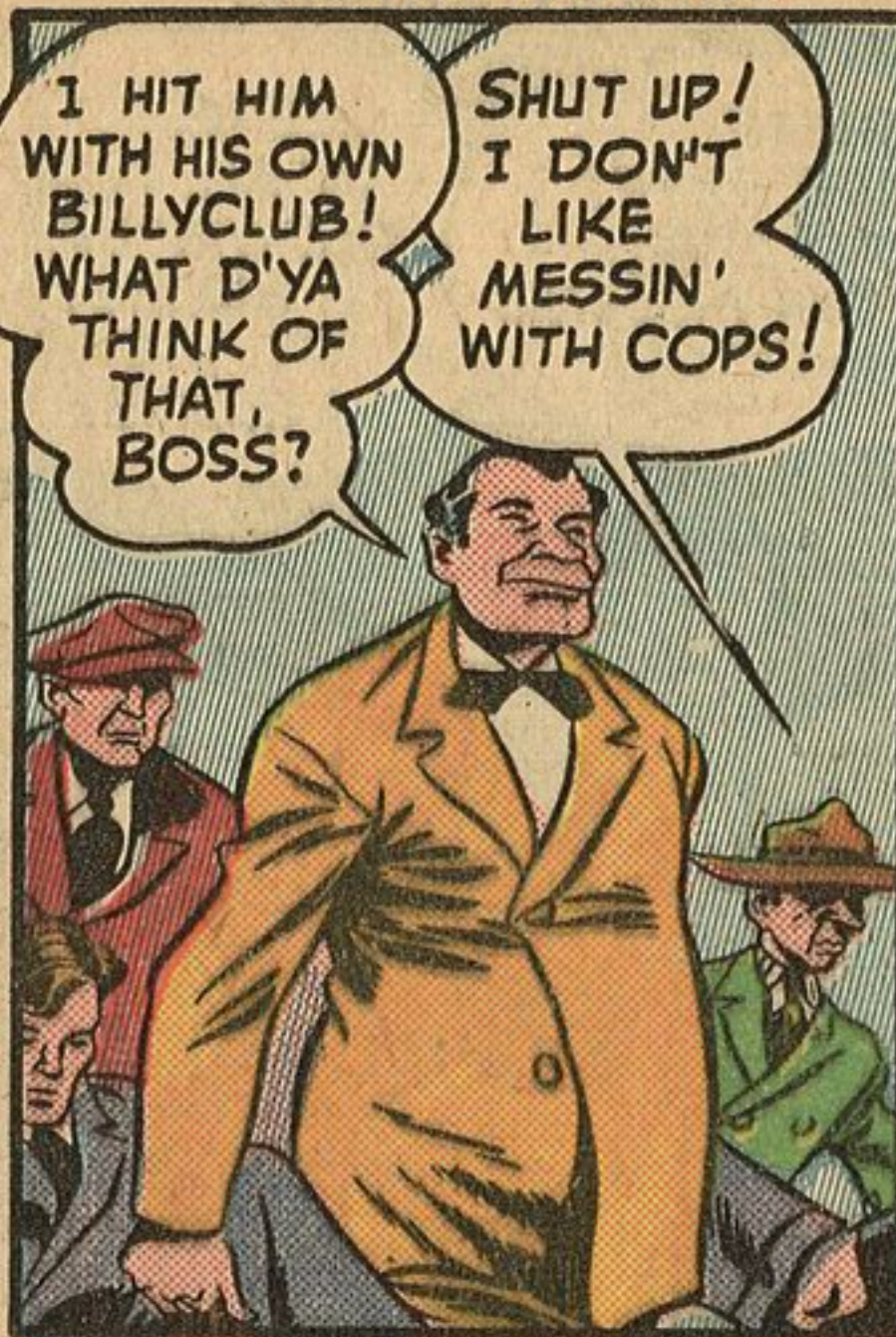


SMASH COMICS



TAKE THAT, SNOOPER! YOU ASKED FOR IT!

A COPPER, EH? BRING HIM BELOW, BOYS!



I HIT HIM WITH HIS OWN BILLYCLUB! WHAT D'YA THINK OF THAT, BOSS?

SHUT UP! I DON'T LIKE MESSIN' WITH COPS!



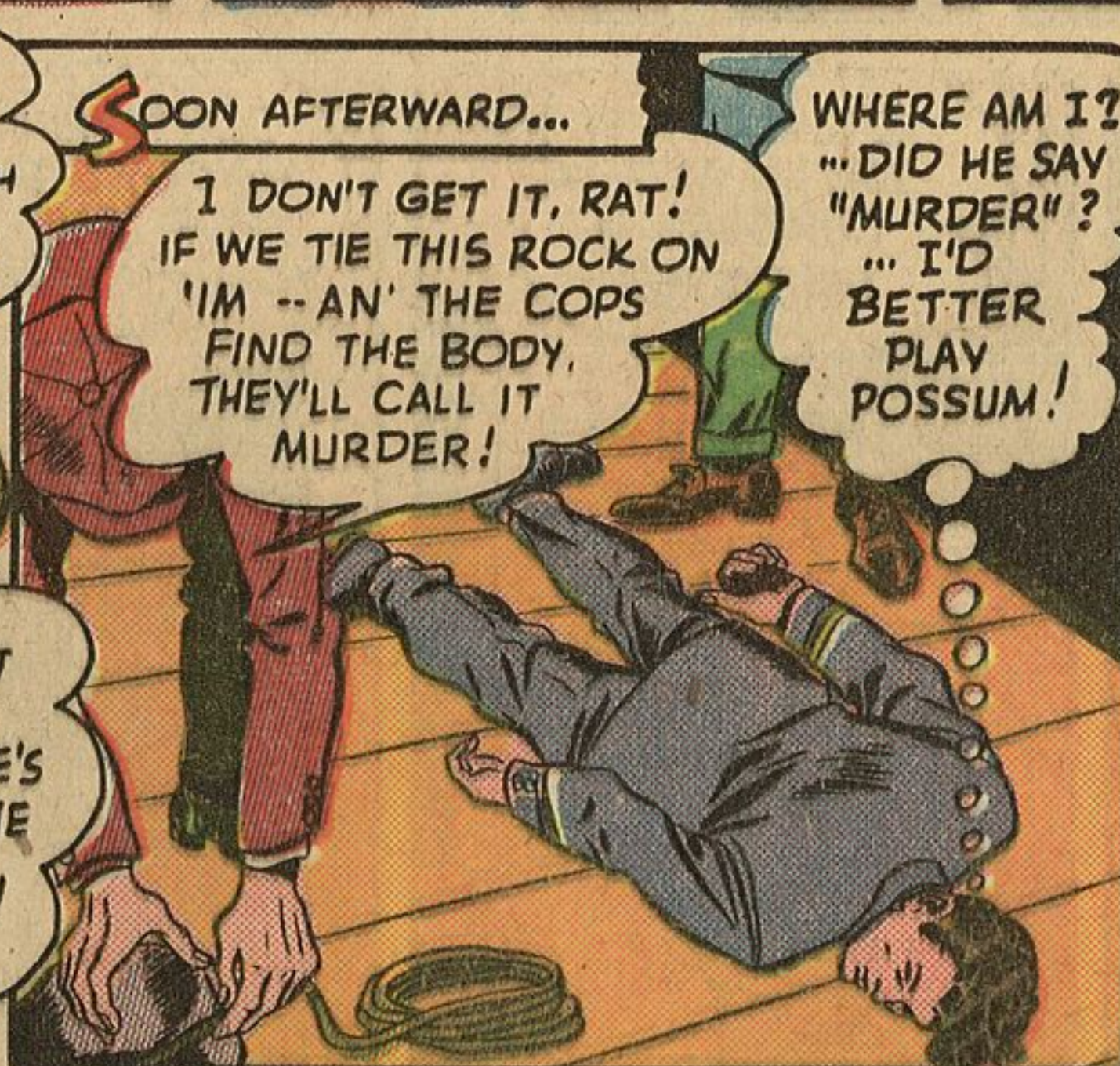
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM, RAT ??

GET RID OF 'IM! ... THE SOONER, THE BETTER!



BRING HIM ALONG! THIS COP IS GONNA DIE A NATURAL DEATH -- FROM DROWNIN'!

LEAVE IT TO THE RAT! ... HE'S USIN' THE OLD BEAN!



SOON AFTERWARD...

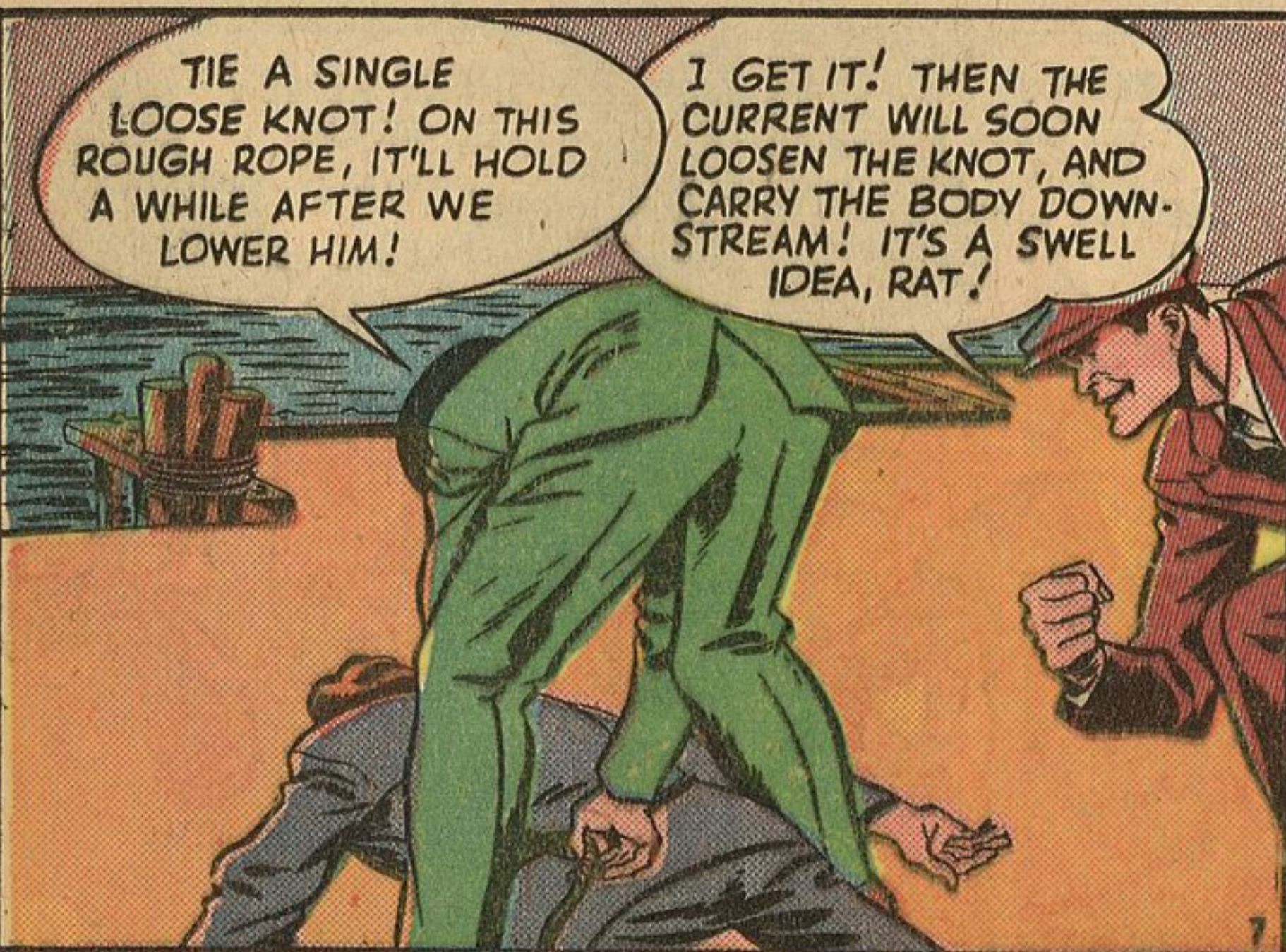
I DON'T GET IT, RAT! IF WE TIE THIS ROCK ON 'IM -- AN' THE COPS FIND THE BODY, THEY'LL CALL IT MURDER!

WHERE AM I? ... DID HE SAY "MURDER"? ... I'D BETTER PLAY POSSUM!



GIVE IT TO ME! YOU'RE TOO DUMB TO CATCH ON!

AW, NOW, BOSS...

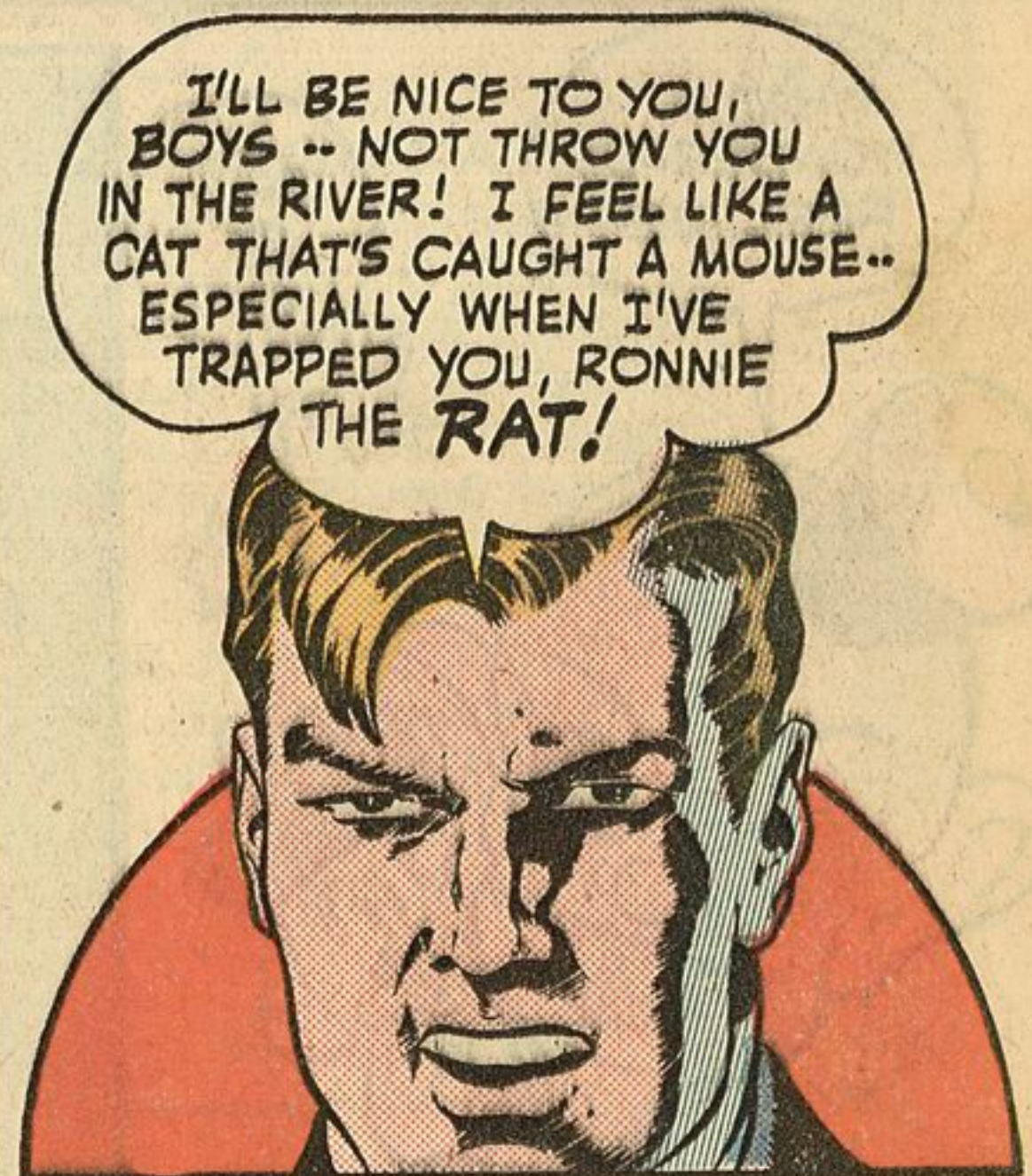
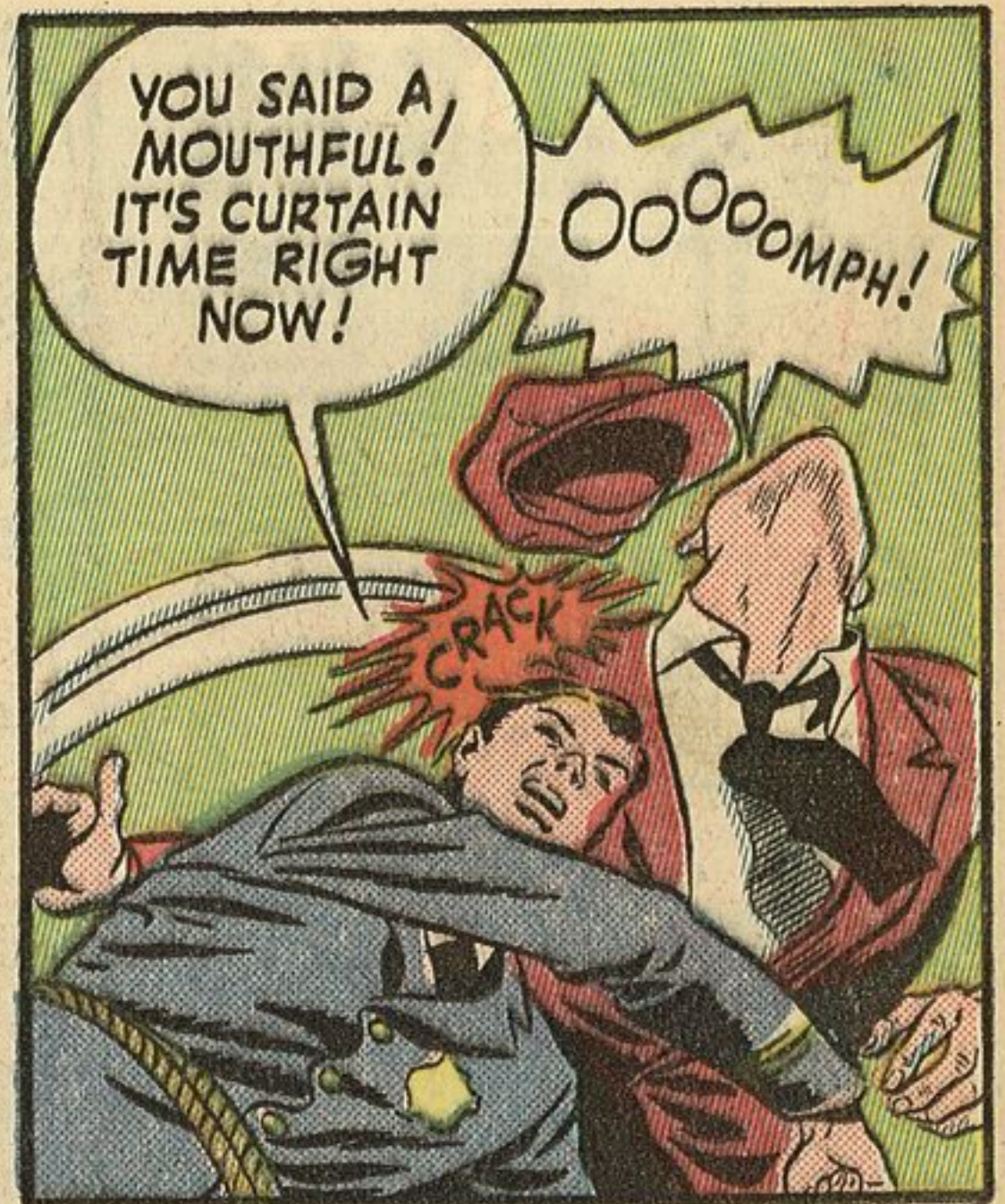


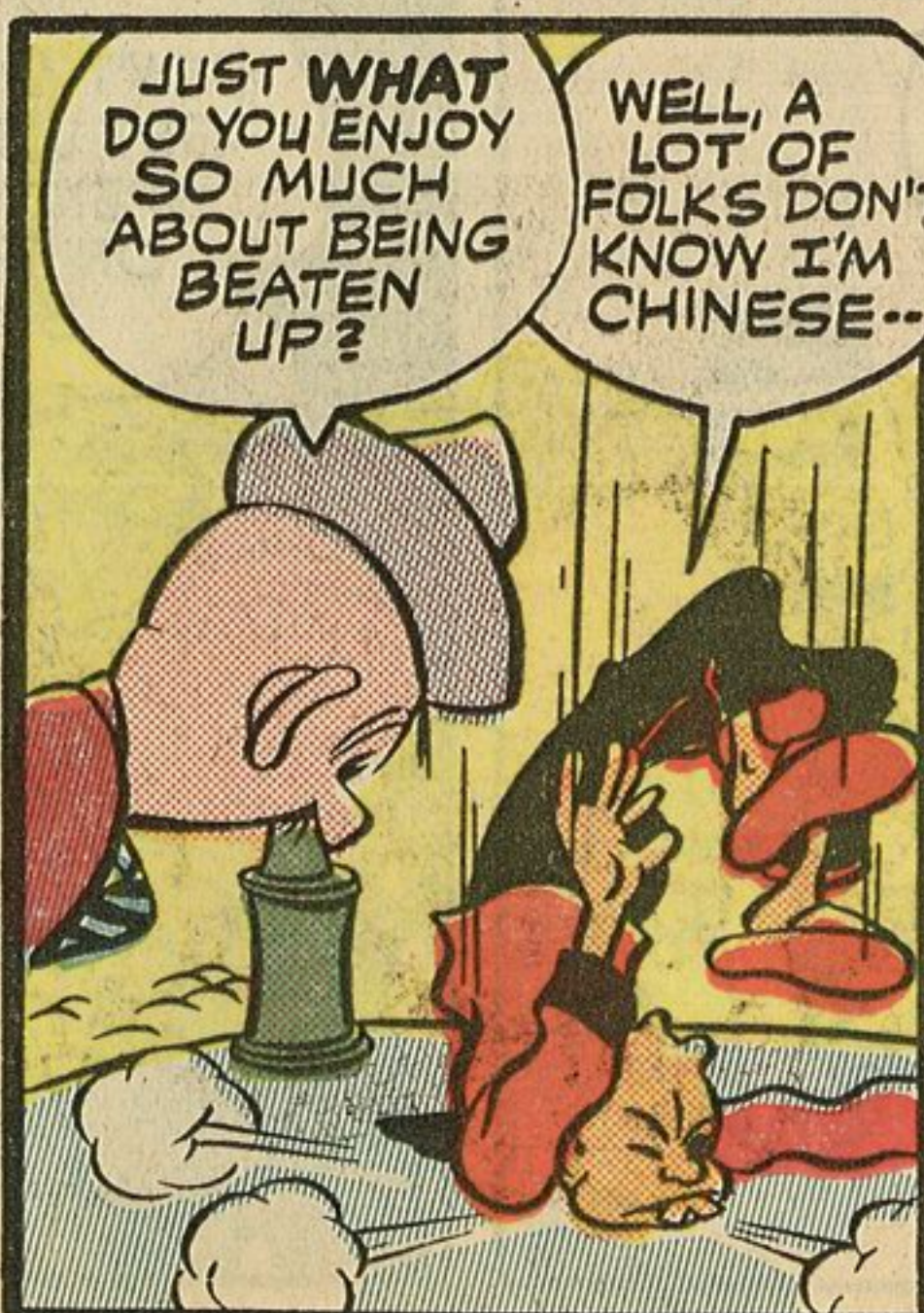
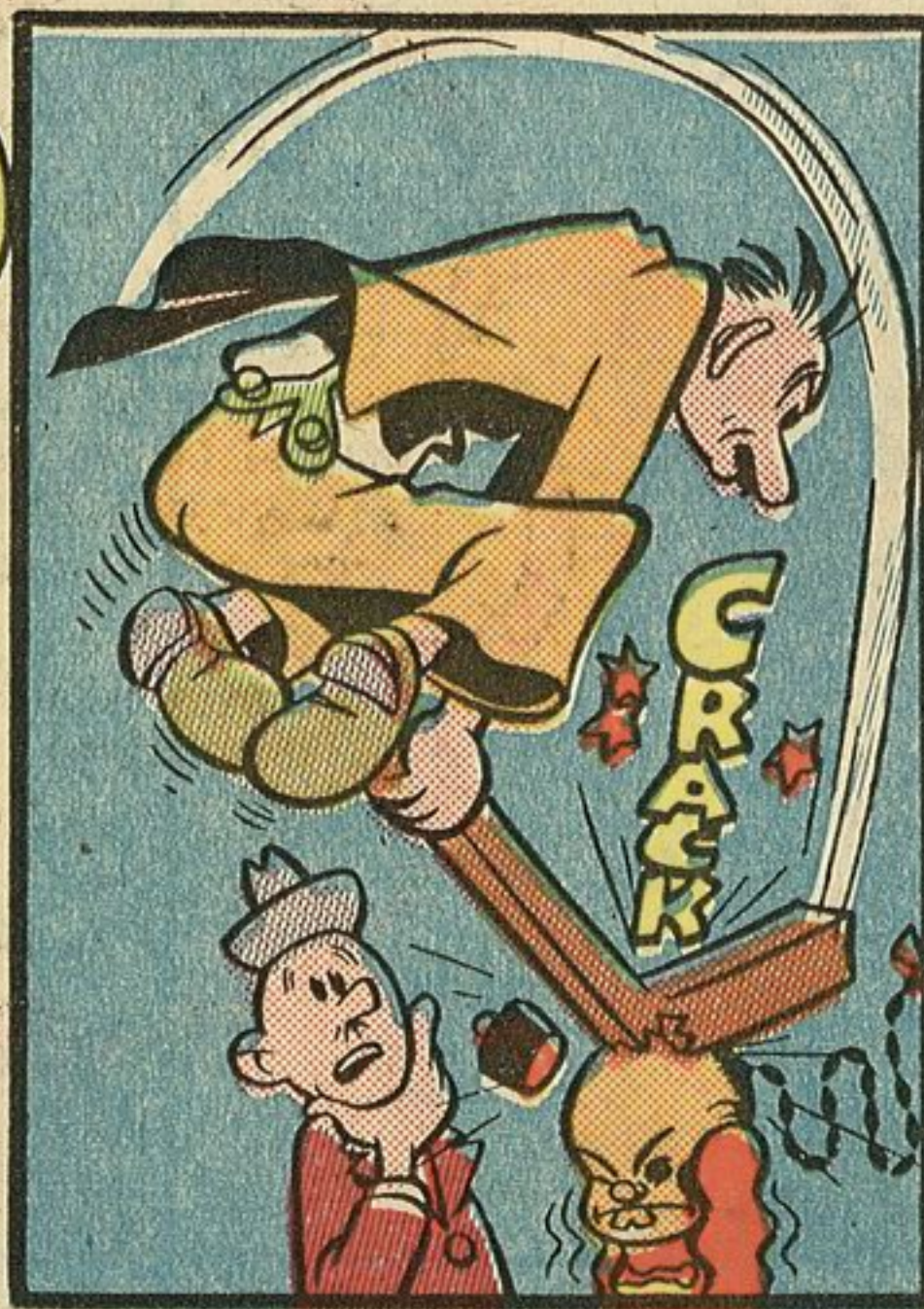
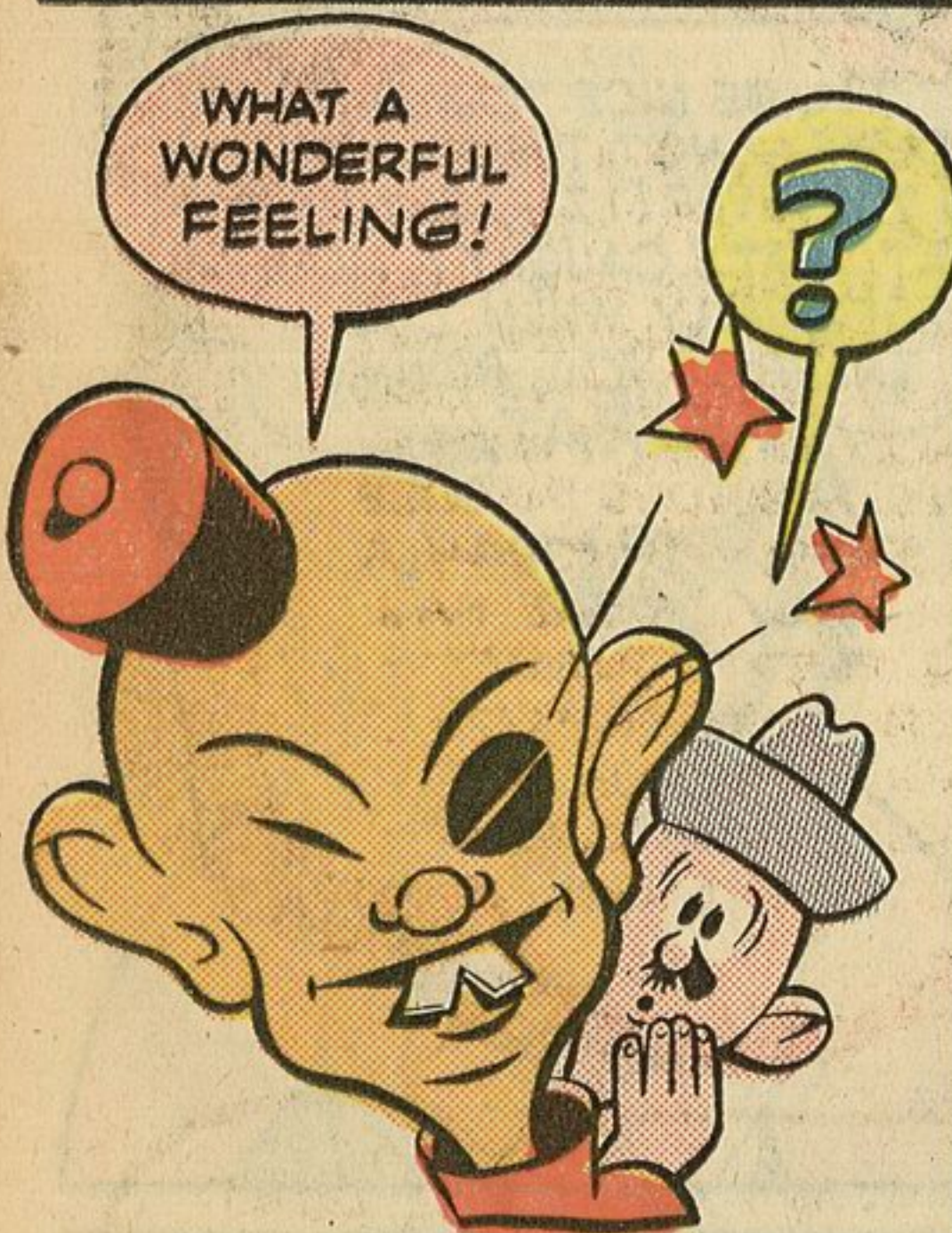
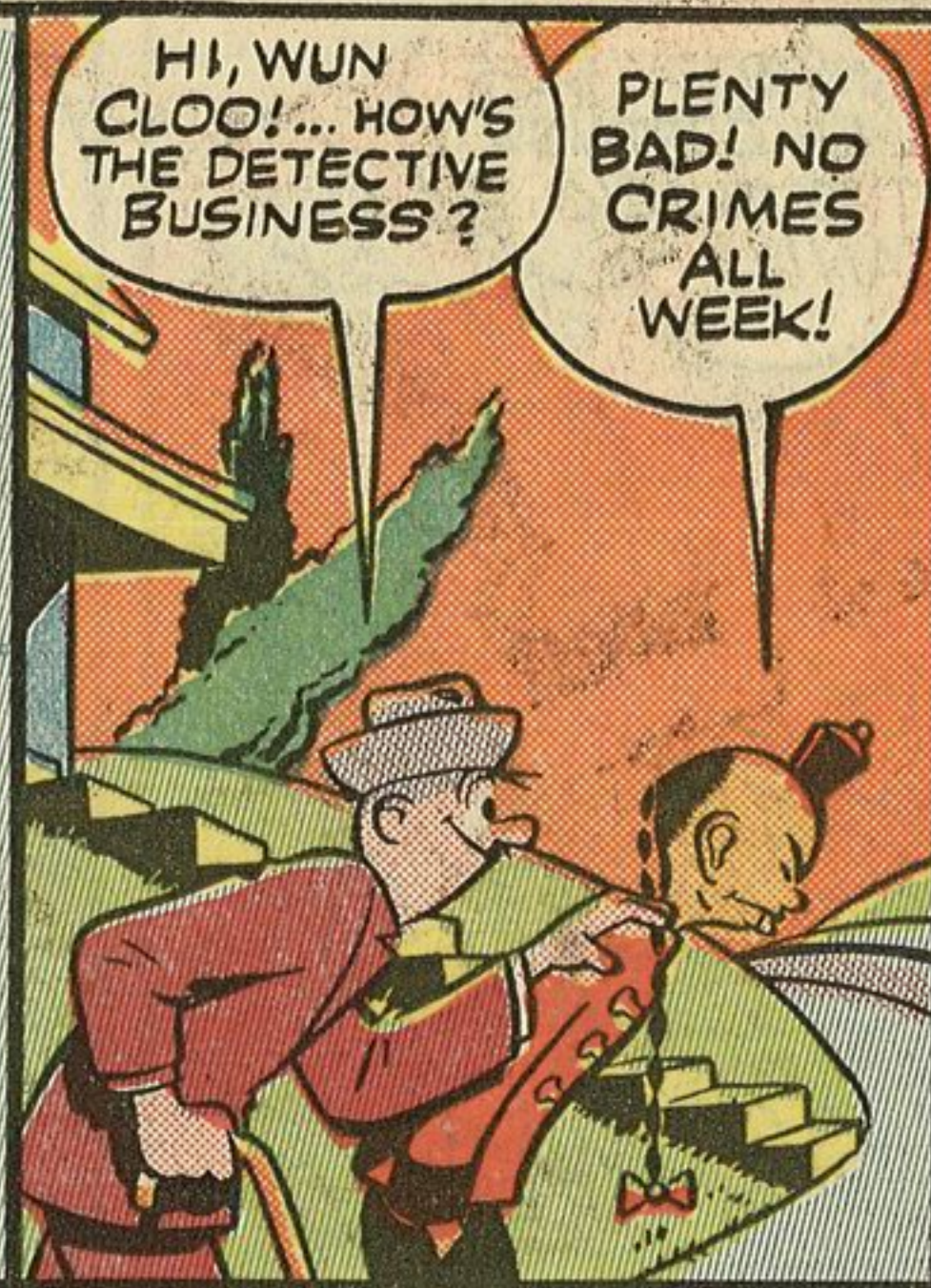
TIE A SINGLE LOOSE KNOT! ON THIS ROUGH ROPE, IT'LL HOLD A WHILE AFTER WE LOWER HIM!

I GET IT! THEN THE CURRENT WILL SOON LOOSEN THE KNOT, AND CARRY THE BODY DOWN-STREAM! IT'S A SWELL IDEA, RAT!



THAT'S A HELP! MAYBE I CAN SWIM OUT -- IF I CAN BUCK THE CURRENT!





DAFFY



WHEN DEKE GETS A NEW BRAINSTORM, HE CAN'T LOSE! DAFFY DOES THE DIRTY WORK AND DEKE BRINGS HOME THE BACON! AND, SHOULD ANYTHING GO WRONG, WHICH IT USUALLY DOES, THERE'S ALWAYS DAFFY'S FABULOUS MUSCLE TO SEE HIM SAFELY THROUGH A SCRAPE! WELL... DEKE HAS HAD SOME PRETTY WACKY IDEAS... BUT SELDOM ON SO GRAND A SCALE AS THE ONE WHICH STRUCK HIM THIS TIME!

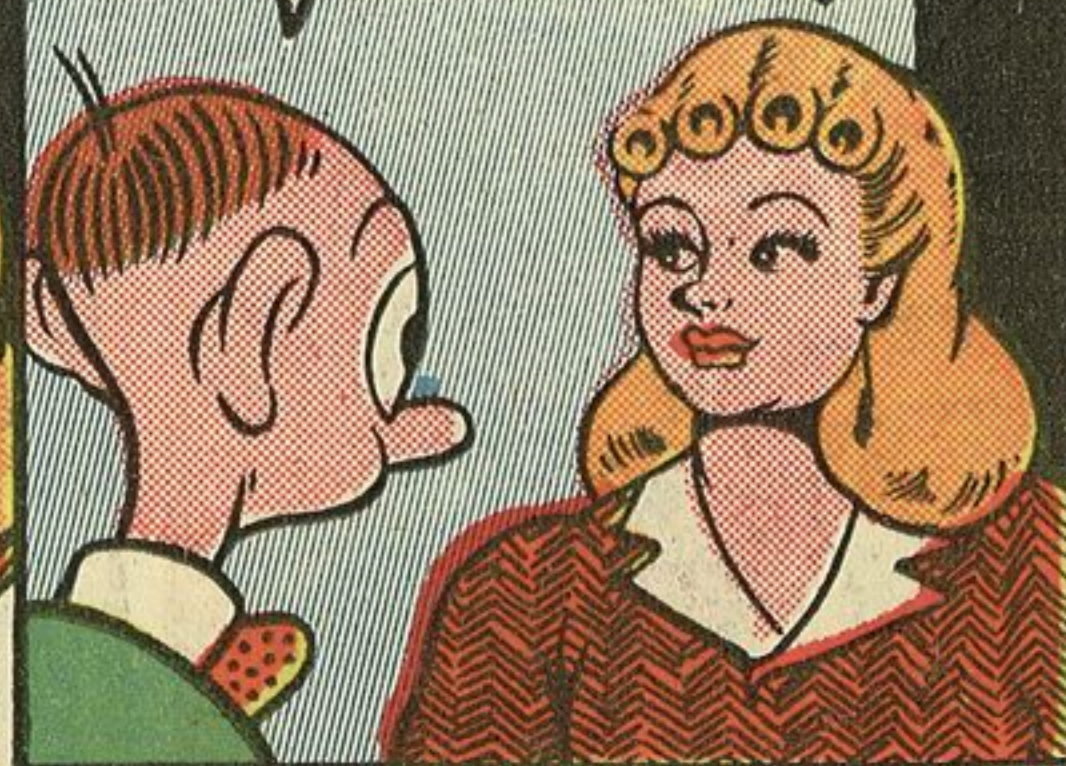
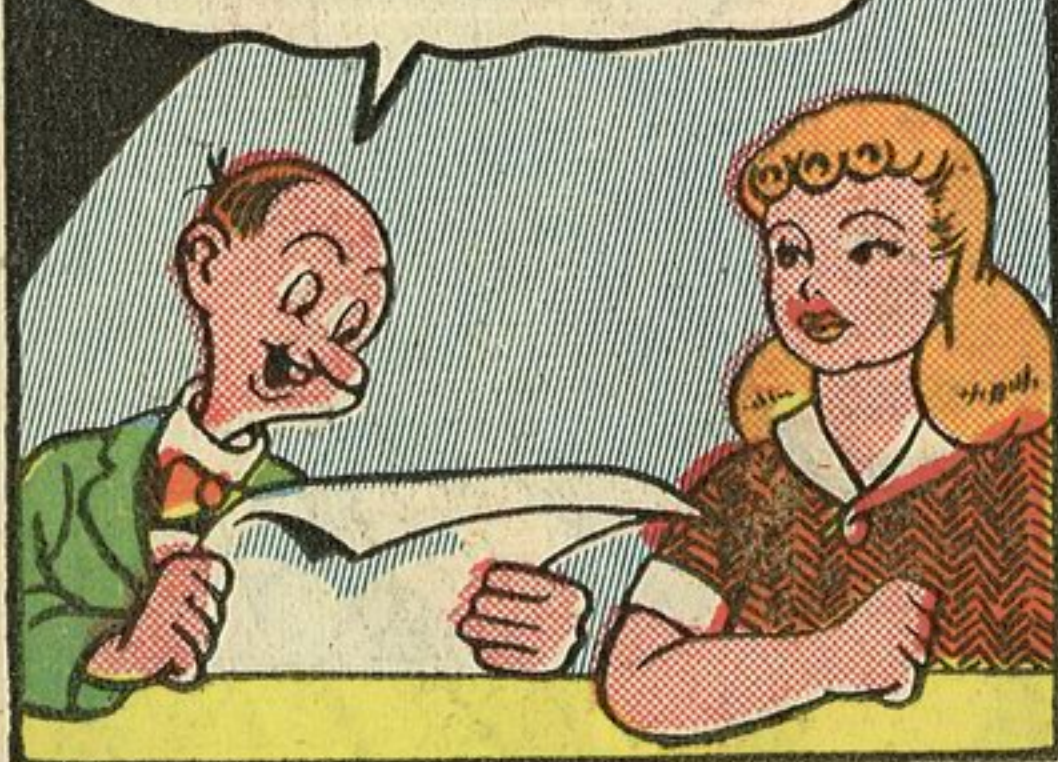
LISTEN TO THIS, DAFFY! HERE'S A GAL WHO CLAIMS WOMEN ARE MEN'S EQUALS! SHE SAYS THEY DO MEN'S WORK, HAVE PROVEN THEIR BRAIN-POWER IS AS GOOD AS MEN'S AND, IF GIVEN A CHANCE, COULD BE JUST AS STRONG PHYSICALLY!

ALL OF WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA!

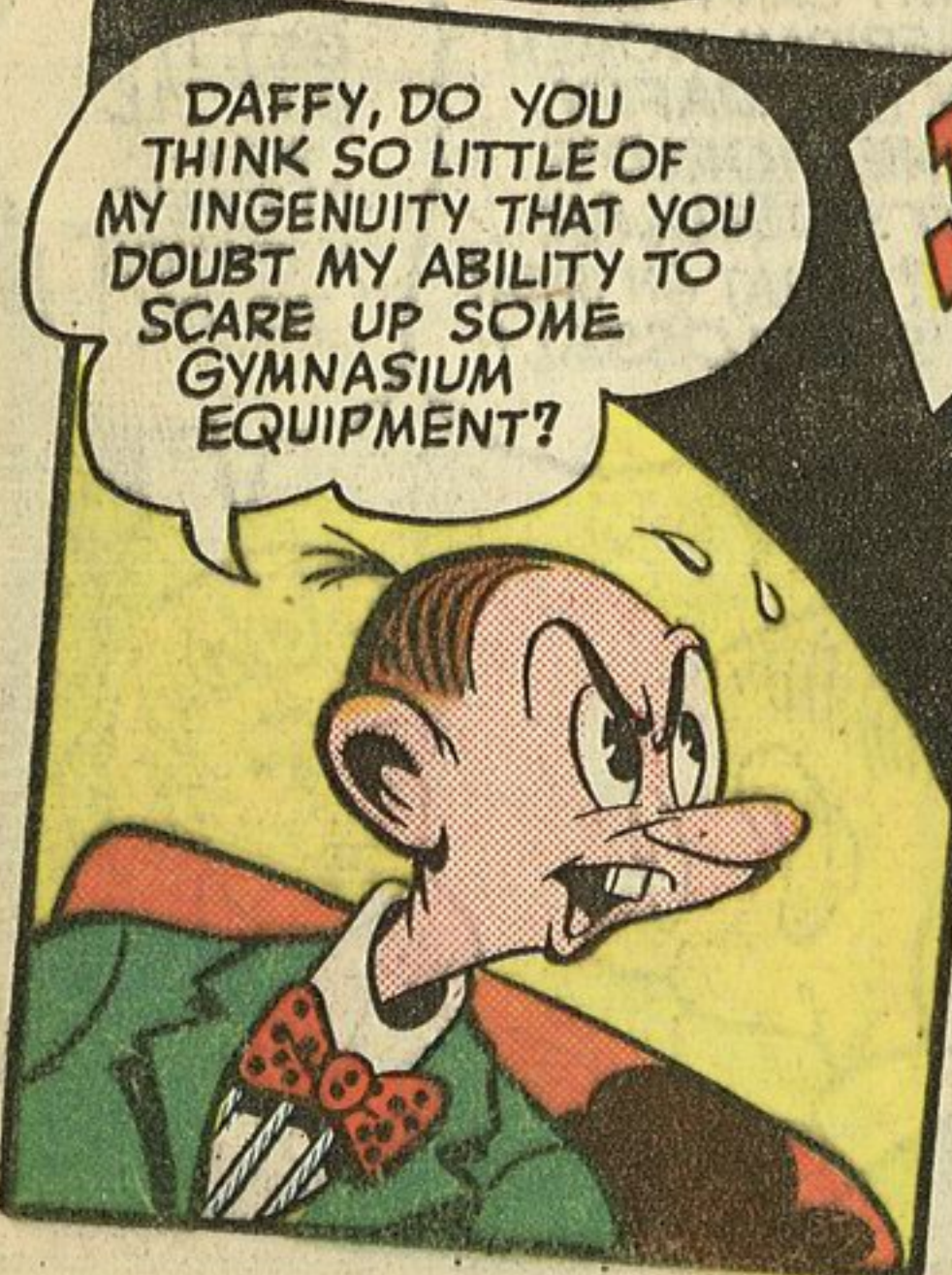
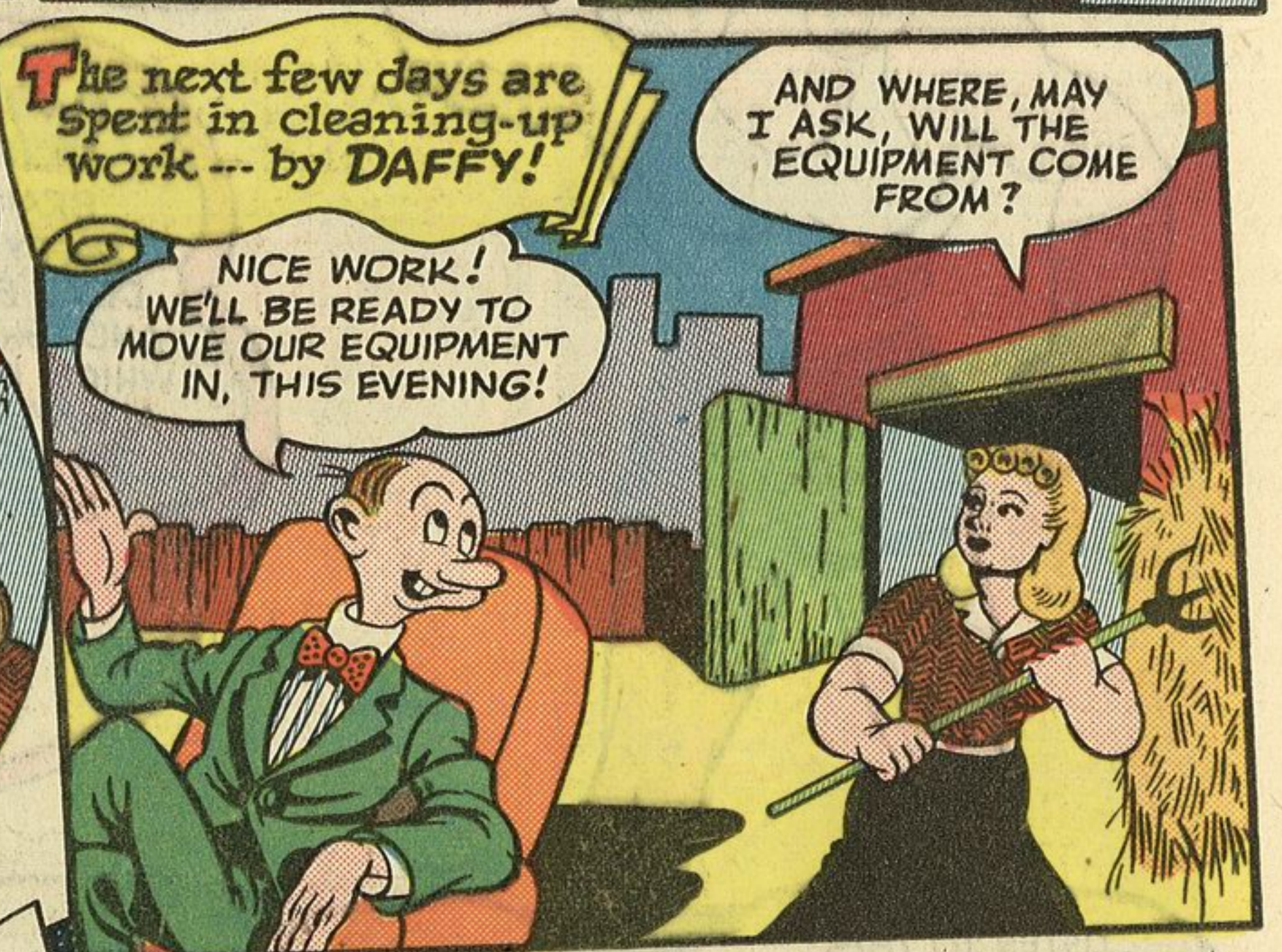
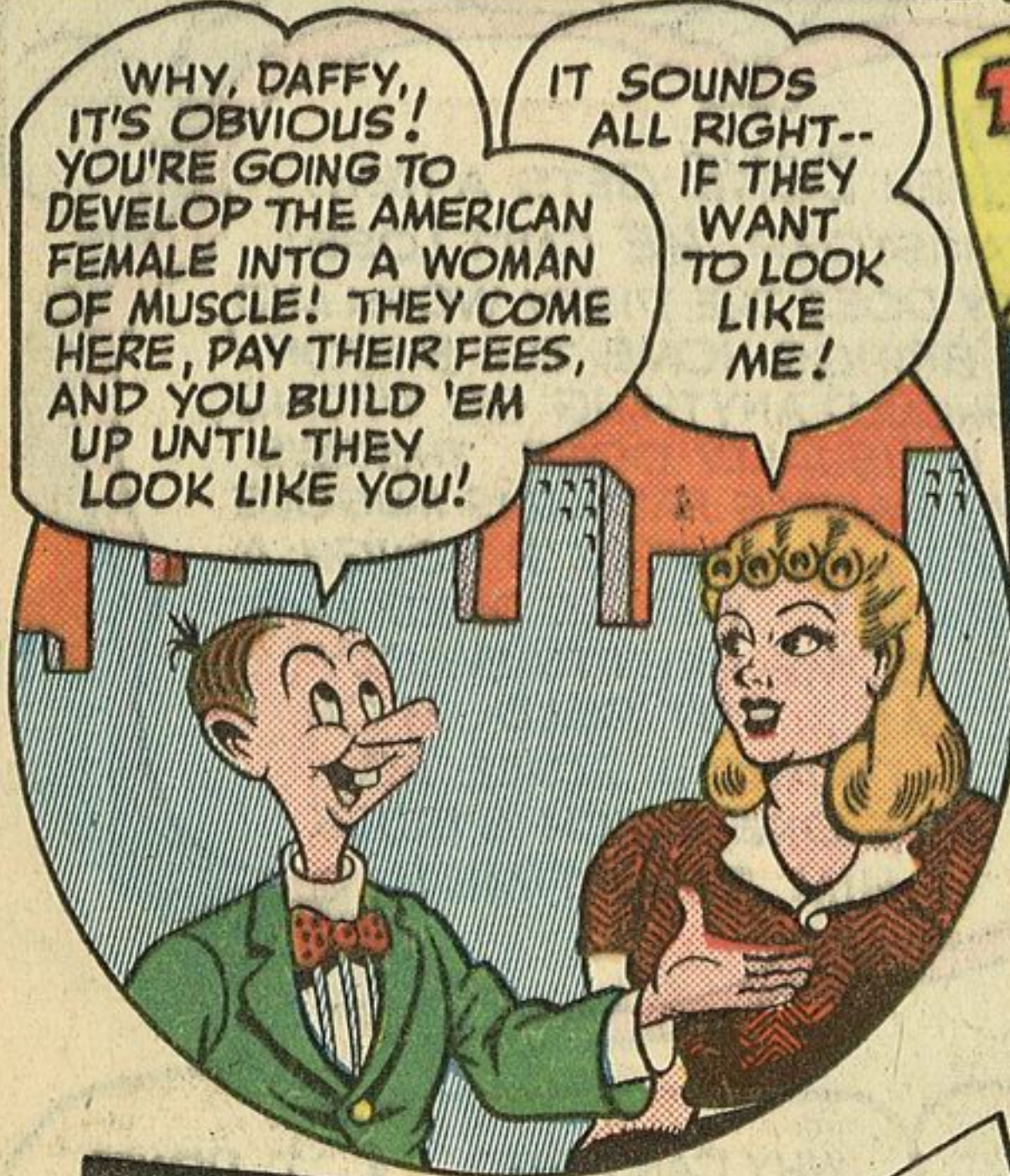
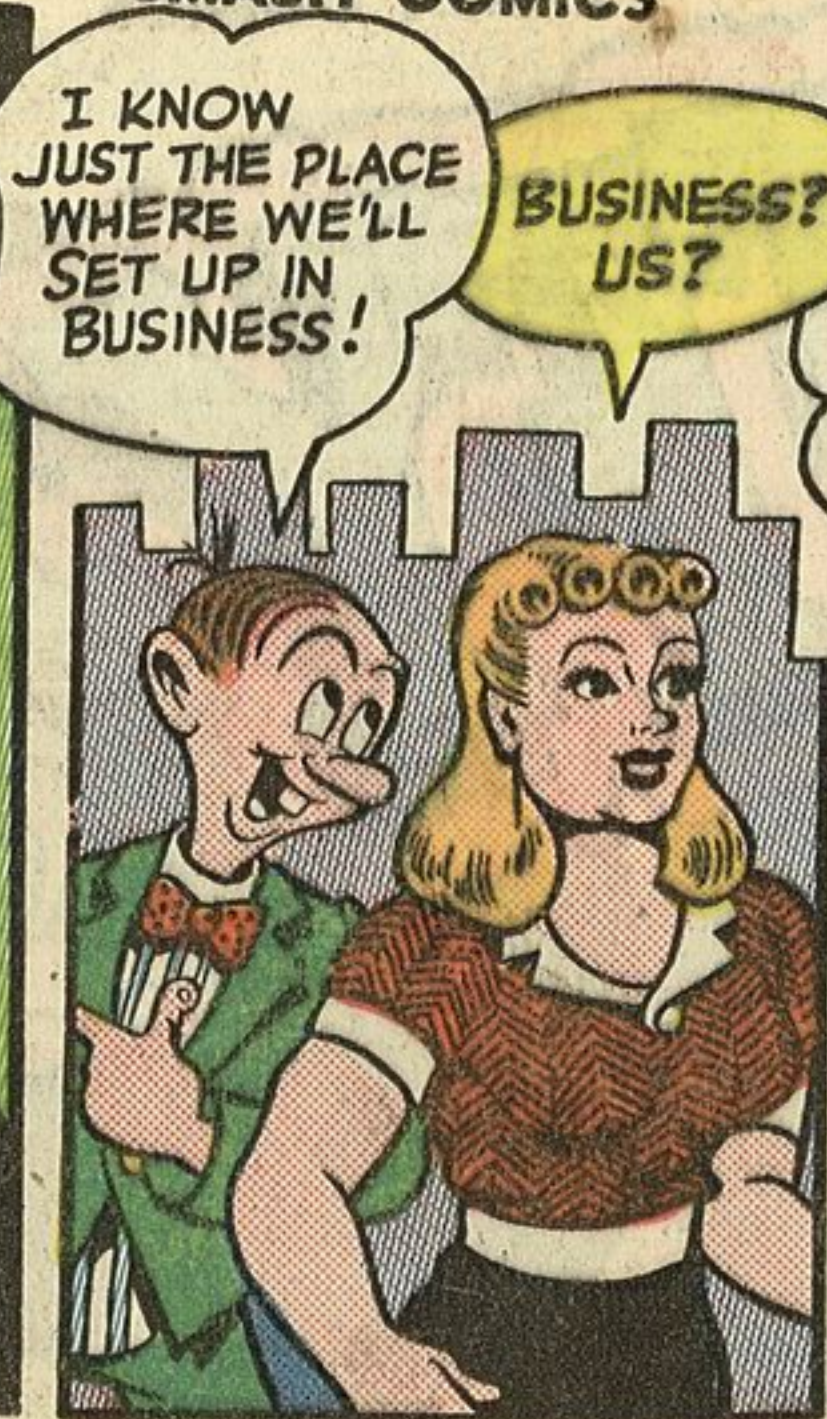
OH-OH!... HERE COMES TROUBLE!

WHY CAN'T ALL AMERICAN WOMEN BE LIKE DAFFY, THE WORLD'S MOST MUSCULAR GAL? WHAT AN IDEA! IT'S COLOSSAL!

I DON'T GET IT— BUT I'LL BET THERE'S A CATCH TO IT!

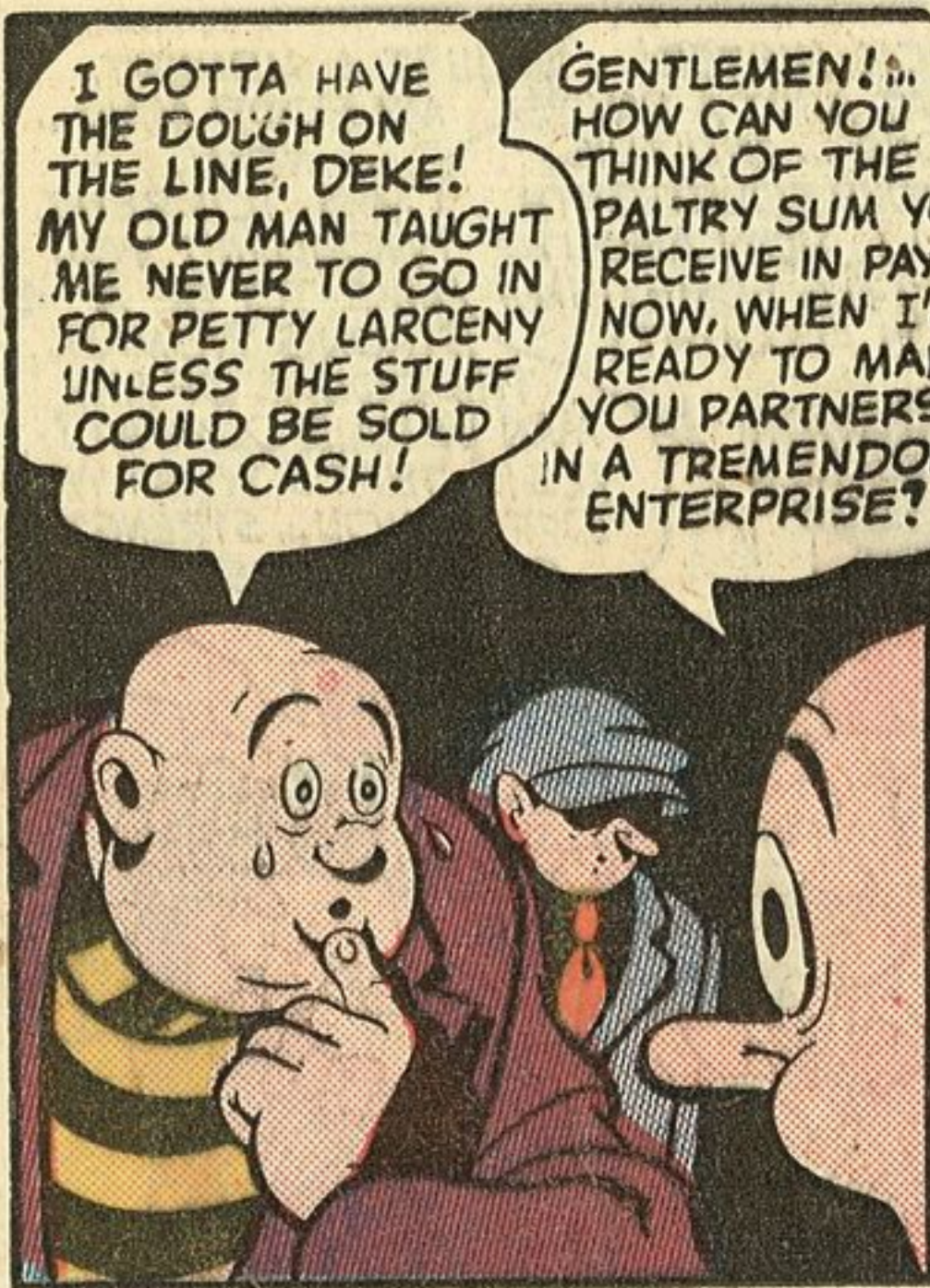


SMASH COMICS



THAT
NIGHT...





GENTLEMEN!... HOW CAN YOU THINK OF THE PALTRY SUM YOU'D RECEIVE IN PAYMENT NOW, WHEN I'M READY TO MAKE YOU PARTNERS IN A TREMENDOUS ENTERPRISE?



CRIPES!... HE'S MAKIN' US PARTNERS!



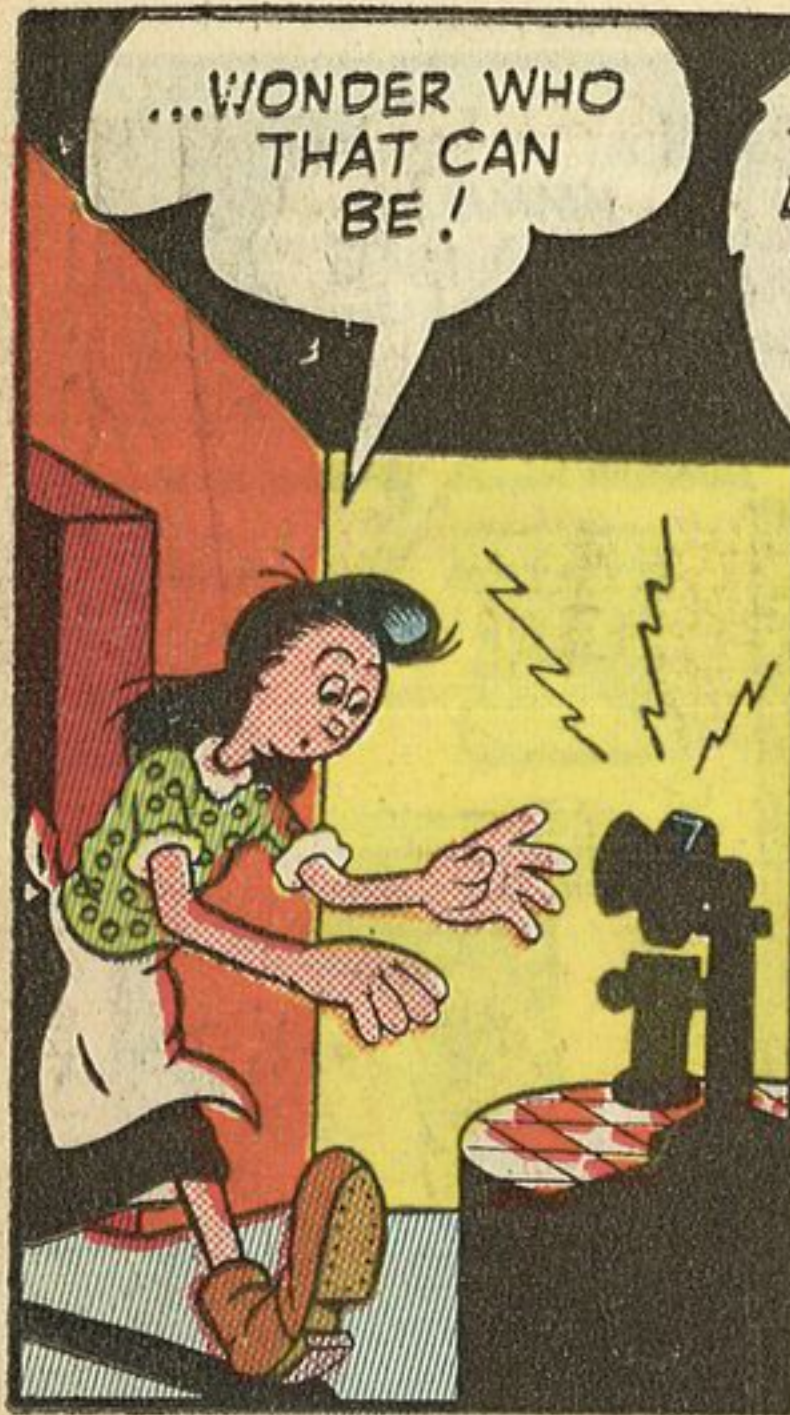
THAT'S MY LAST WORD!... NO MORE NEW HATS! UNDERSTAND?

Y-YES, / DEAR.



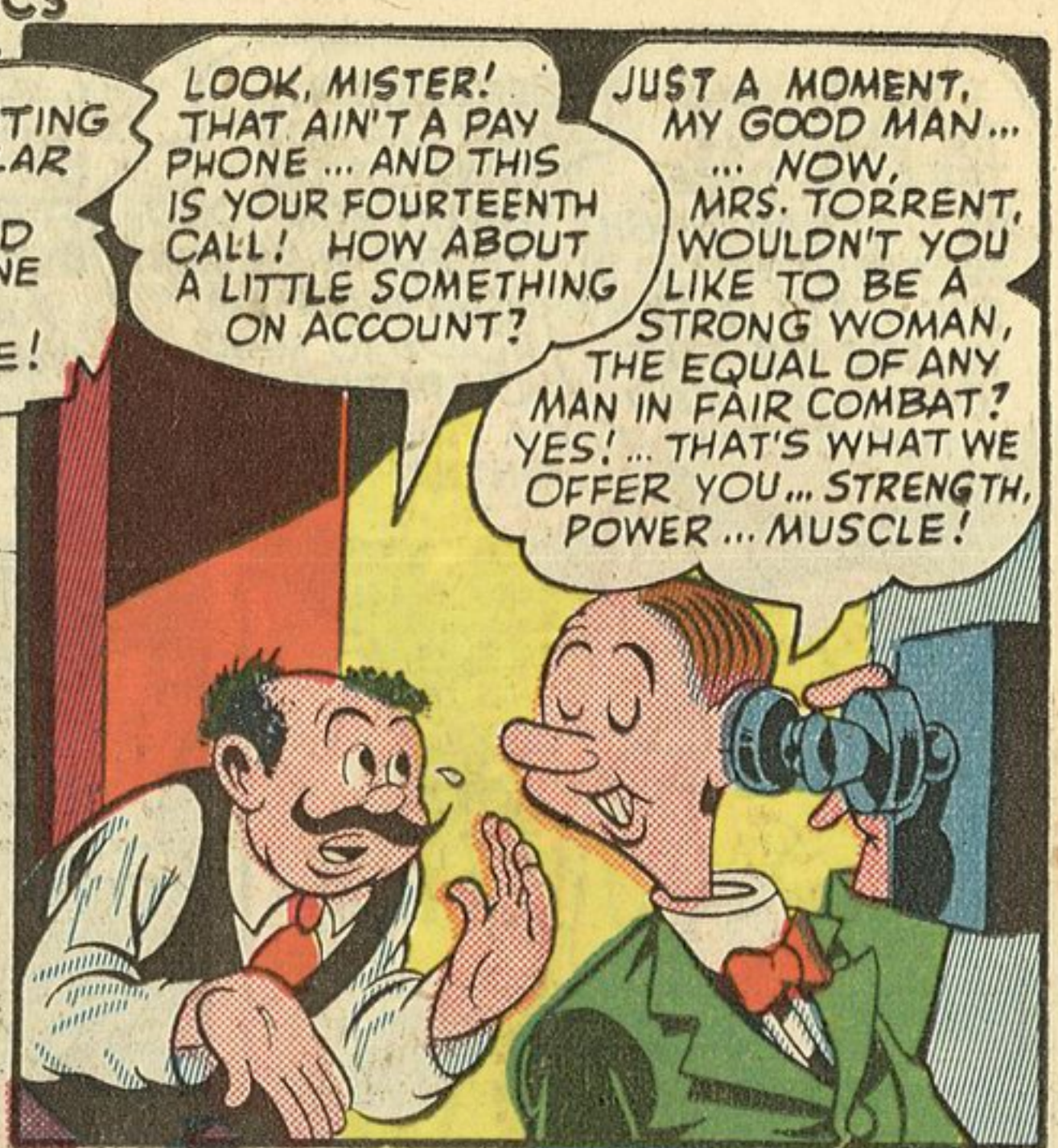
SNIFF
SNIFF





...WONDER WHO THAT CAN BE!

HELLO... MRS. TORRENT?... THIS IS DEKE PARSONS, REPRESENTING DAFFY'S SCHOOL FOR THE MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD! I JUST PICKED YOUR NAME OUT OF THE PHONE BOOK, BUT, ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL BE THANKING ME!

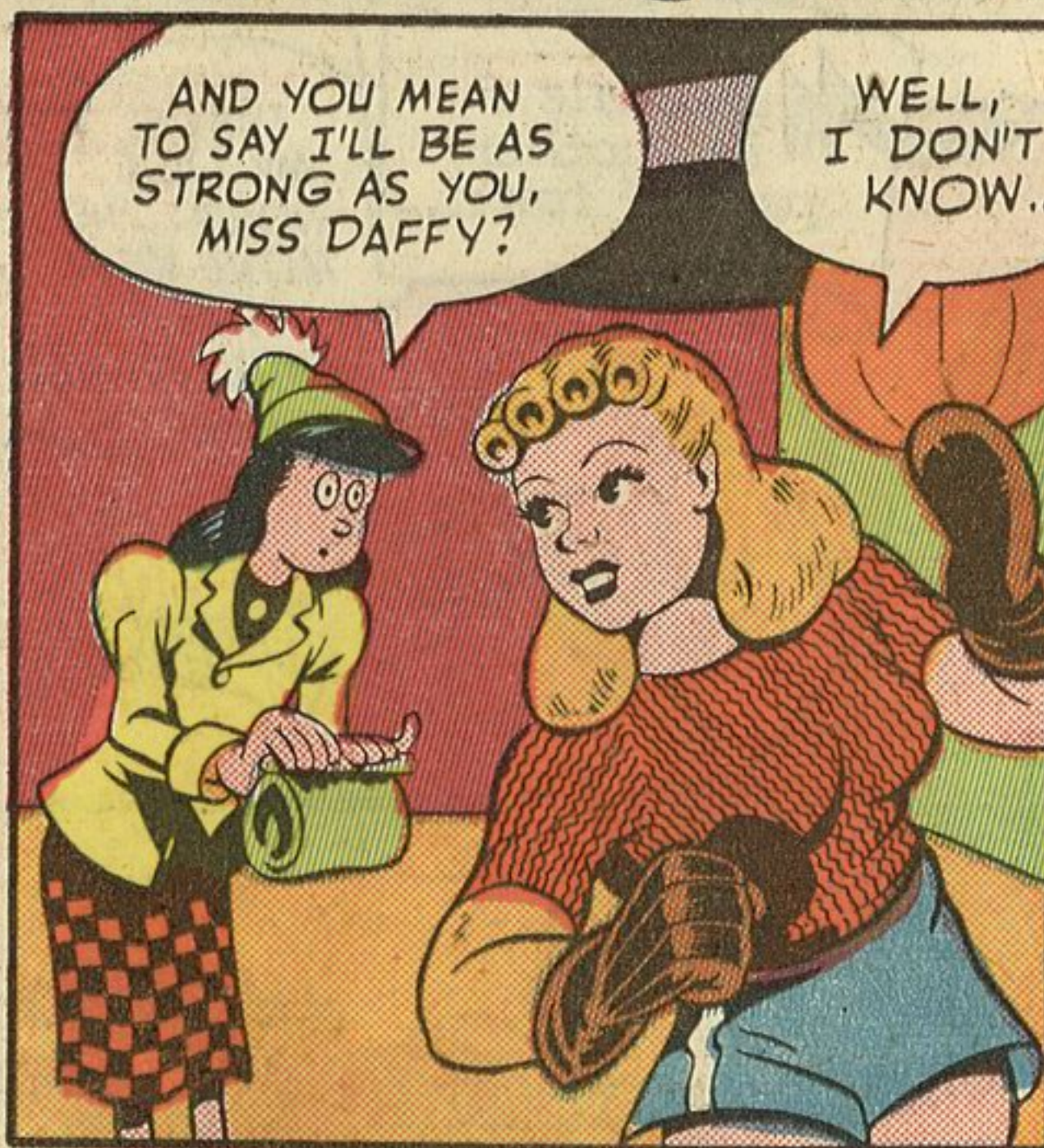


LOOK, MISTER! THAT AIN'T A PAY PHONE... AND THIS IS YOUR FOURTEENTH CALL! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE SOMETHING ON ACCOUNT?

JUST A MOMENT, MY GOOD MAN... ... NOW, MRS. TORRENT, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE A STRONG WOMAN, THE EQUAL OF ANY MAN IN FAIR COMBAT? YES!... THAT'S WHAT WE OFFER YOU... STRENGTH, POWER... MUSCLE!



DO I WANT **MUSCLE!** OH, BOY! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

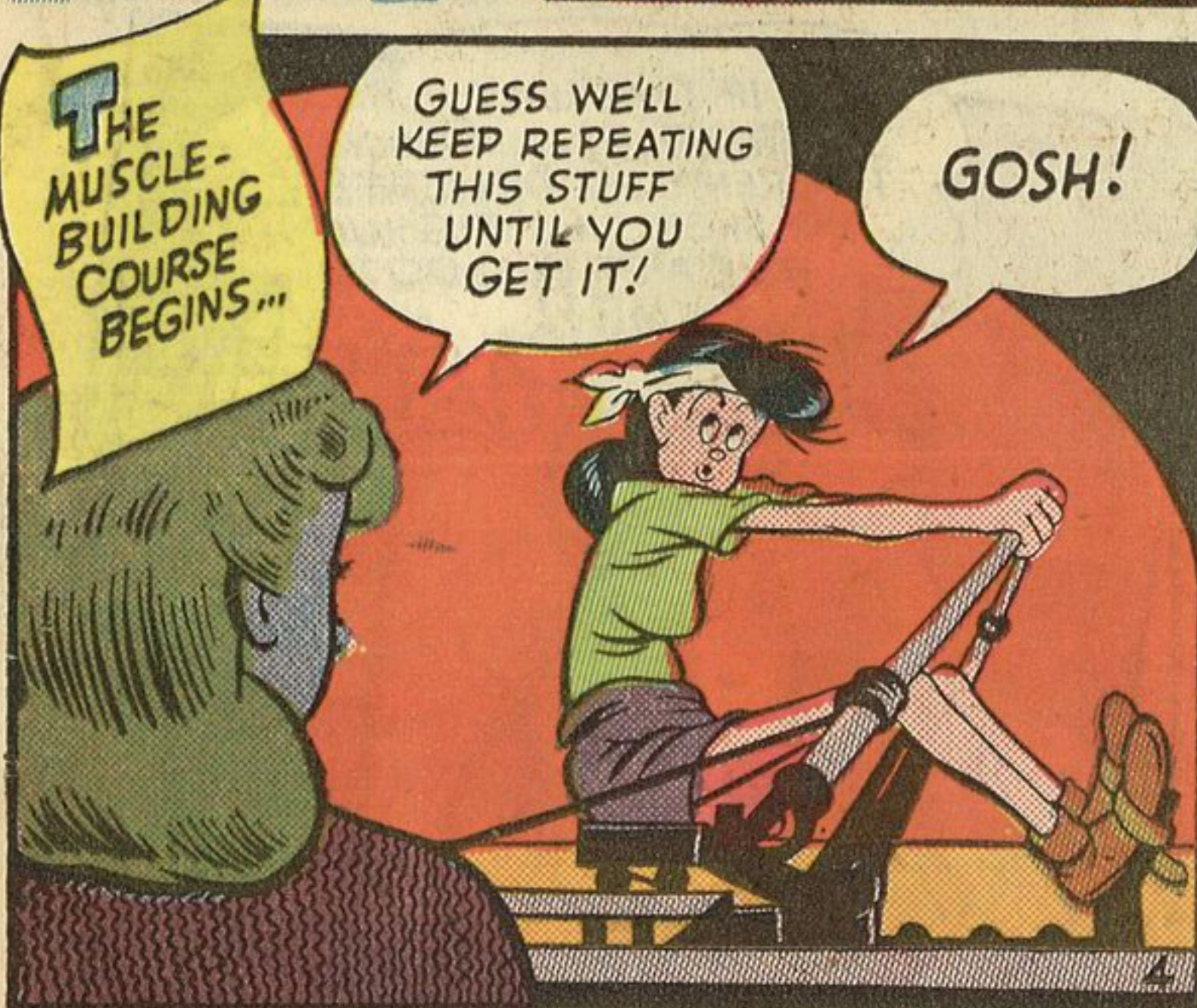


AND YOU MEAN TO SAY I'LL BE AS STRONG AS YOU, MISS DAFFY?

WELL, I DON'T KNOW...

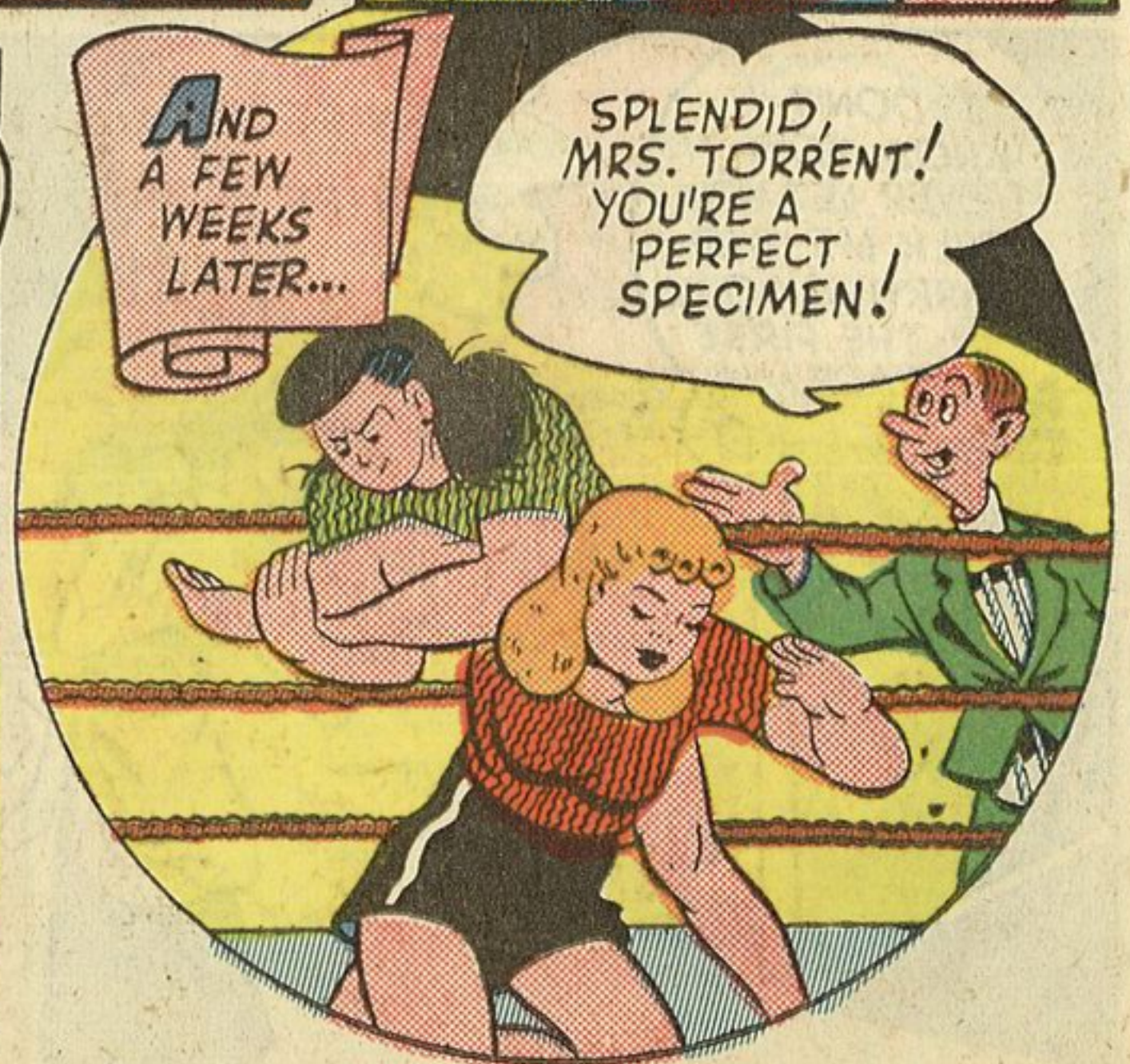


NOW, DON'T BE MODEST, DAFFY! YOU KNOW MRS. TORRENT'LL BE EVEN STRONGER THAN YOU, WHEN YOU GET THROUGH WITH HER!



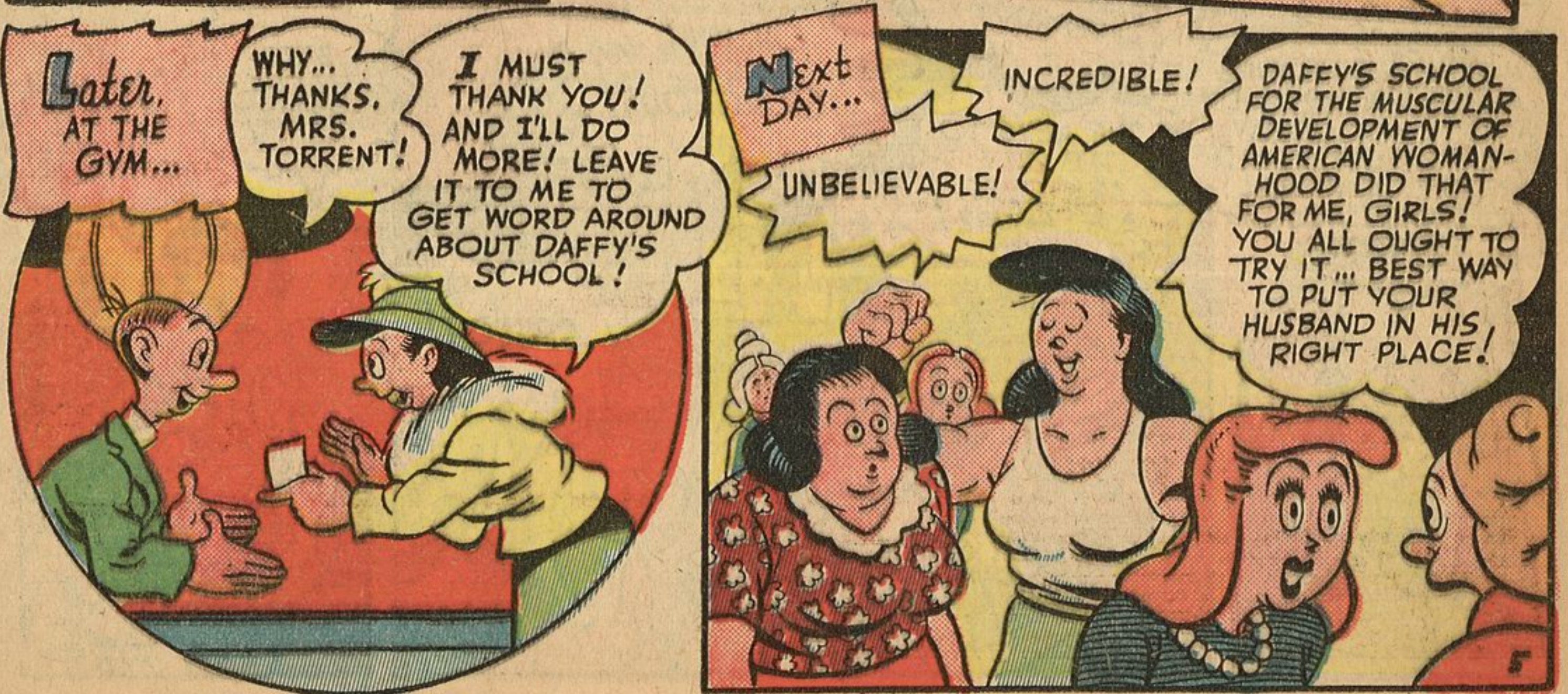
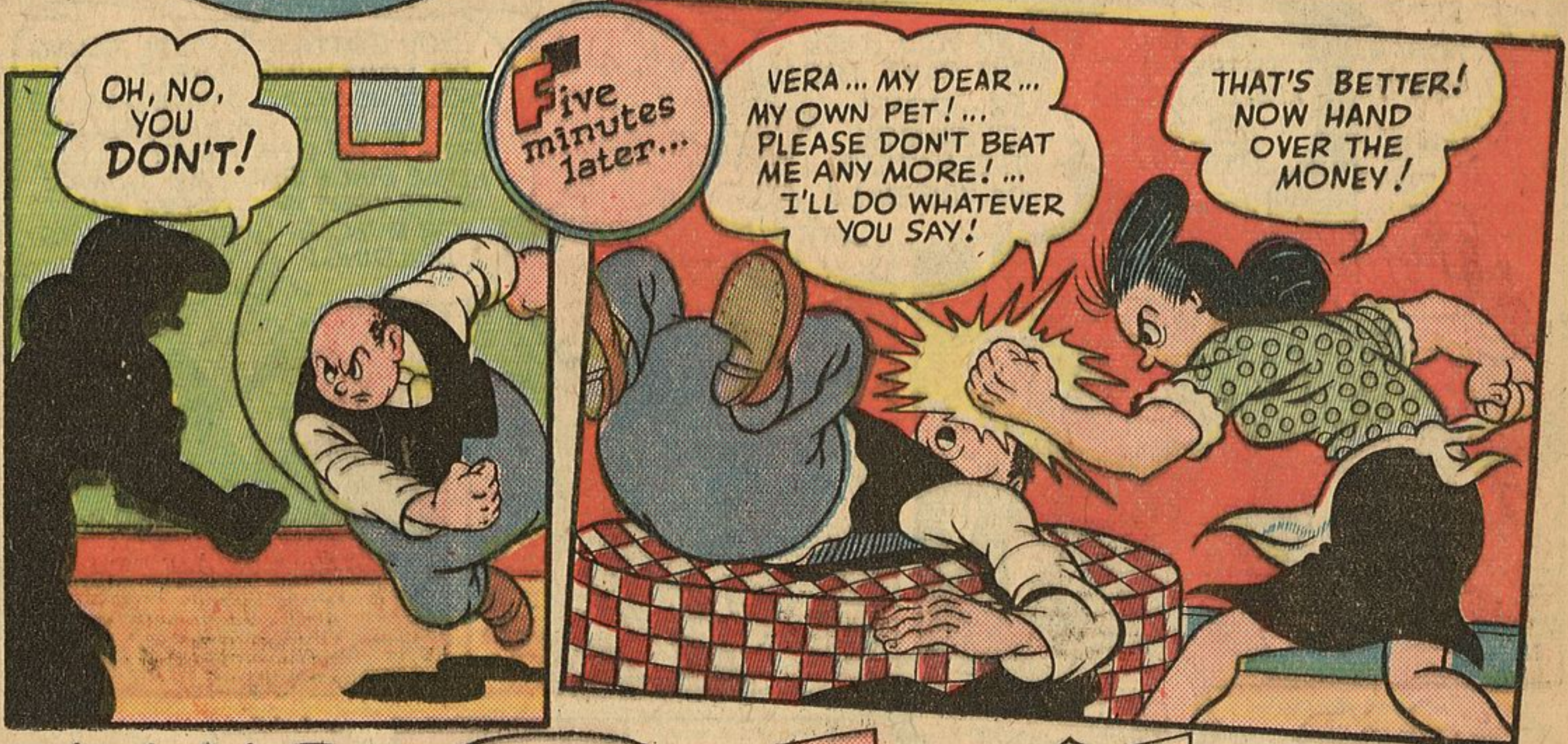
GUESS WE'LL KEEP REPEATING THIS STUFF UNTIL YOU GET IT!

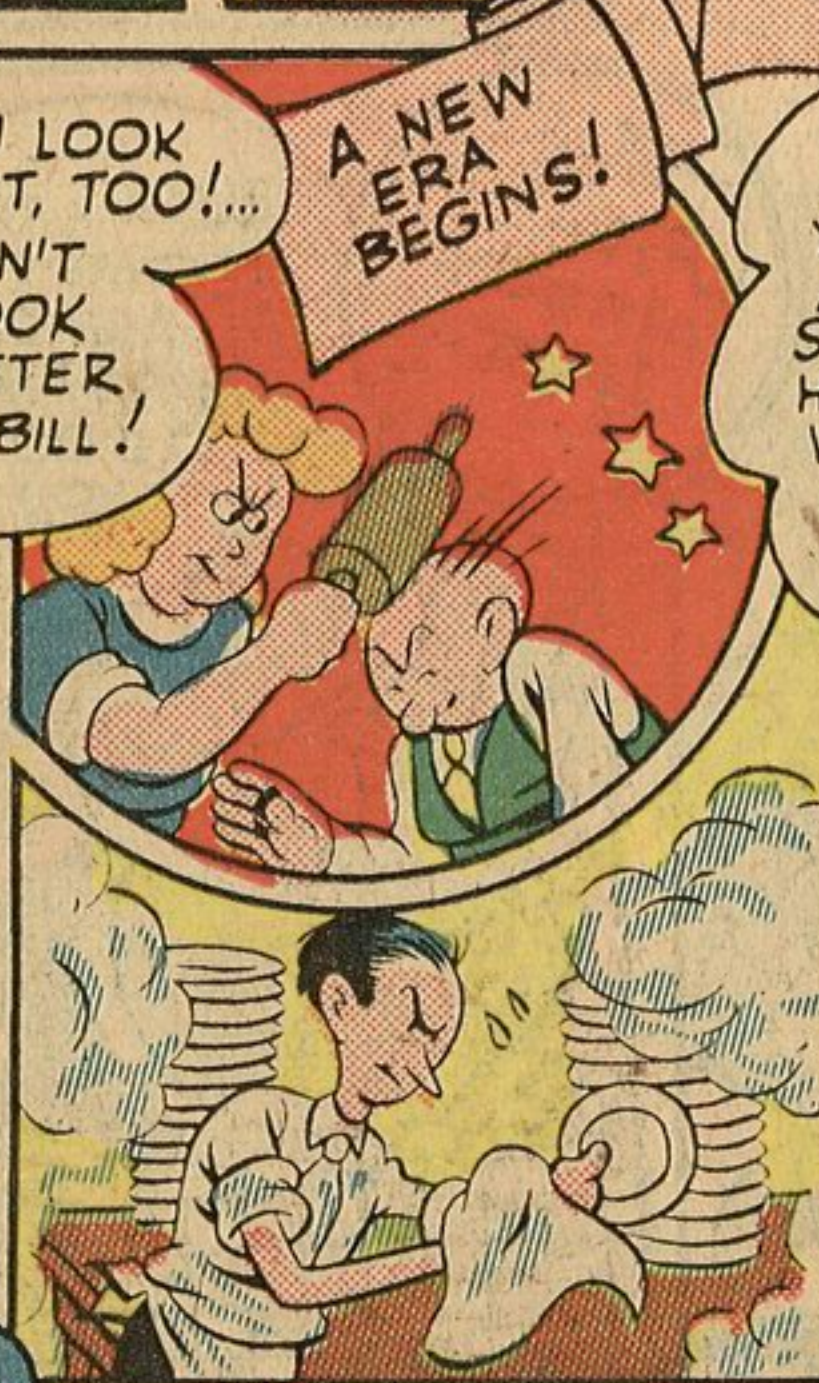
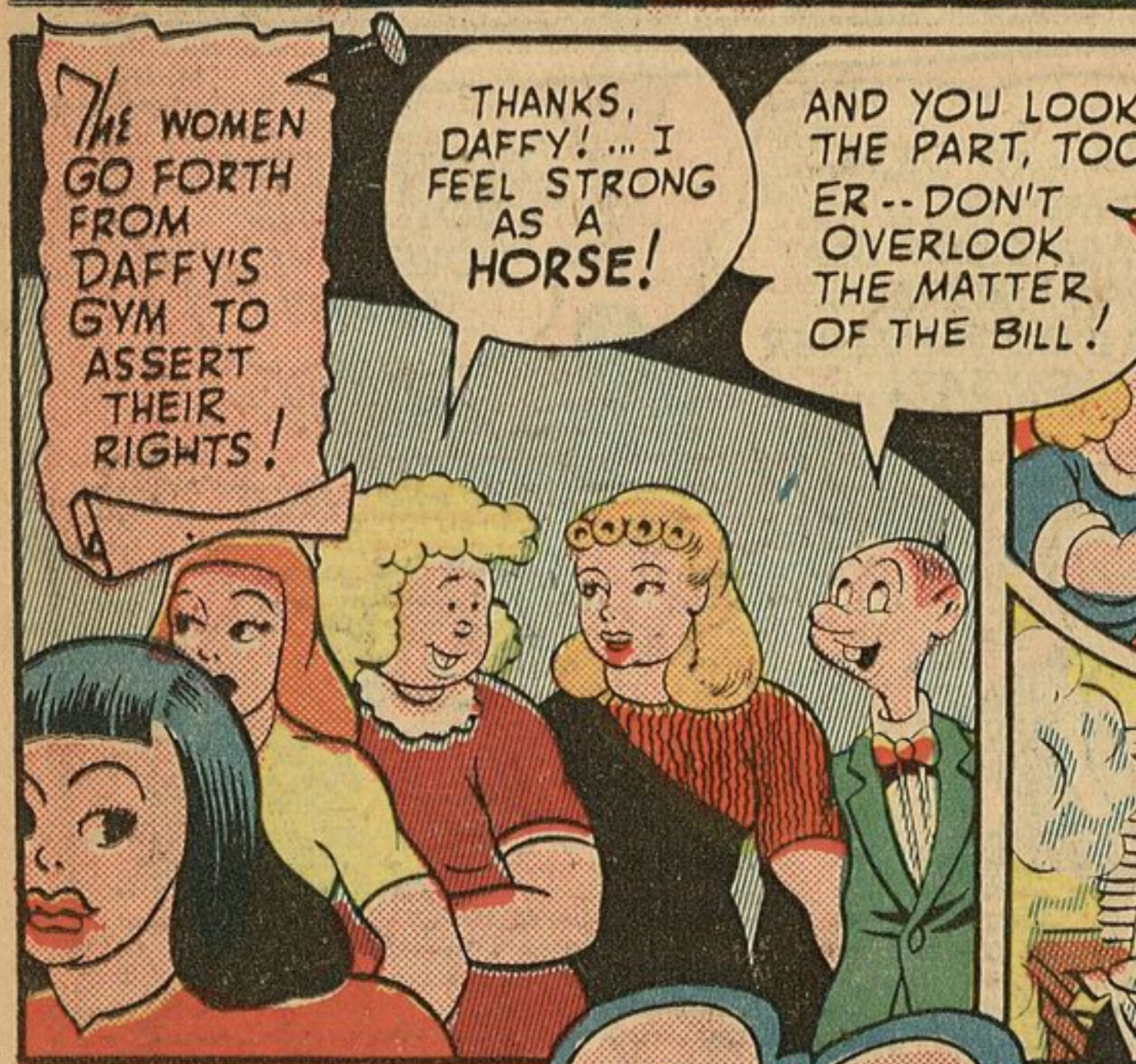
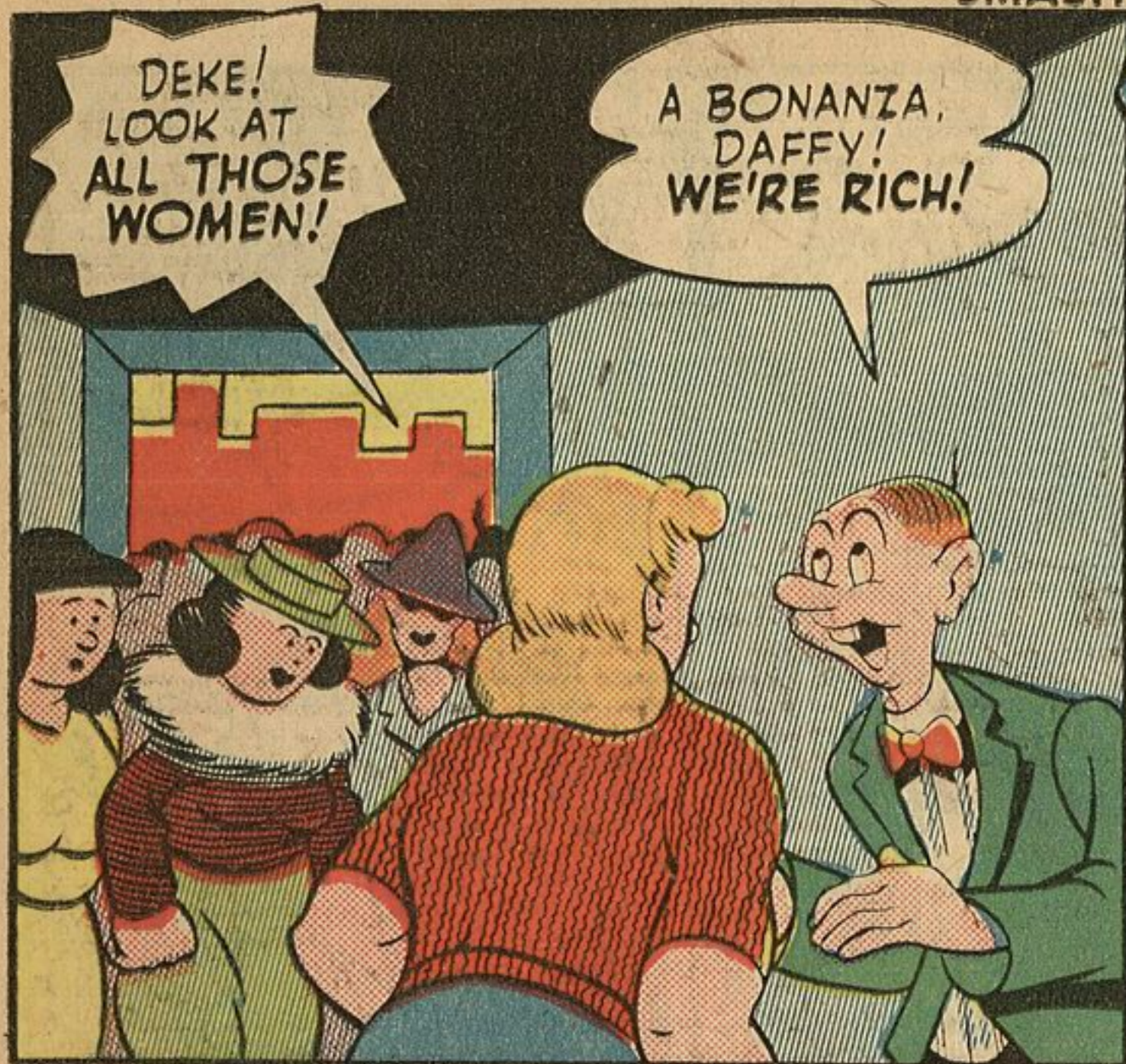
GOSH!

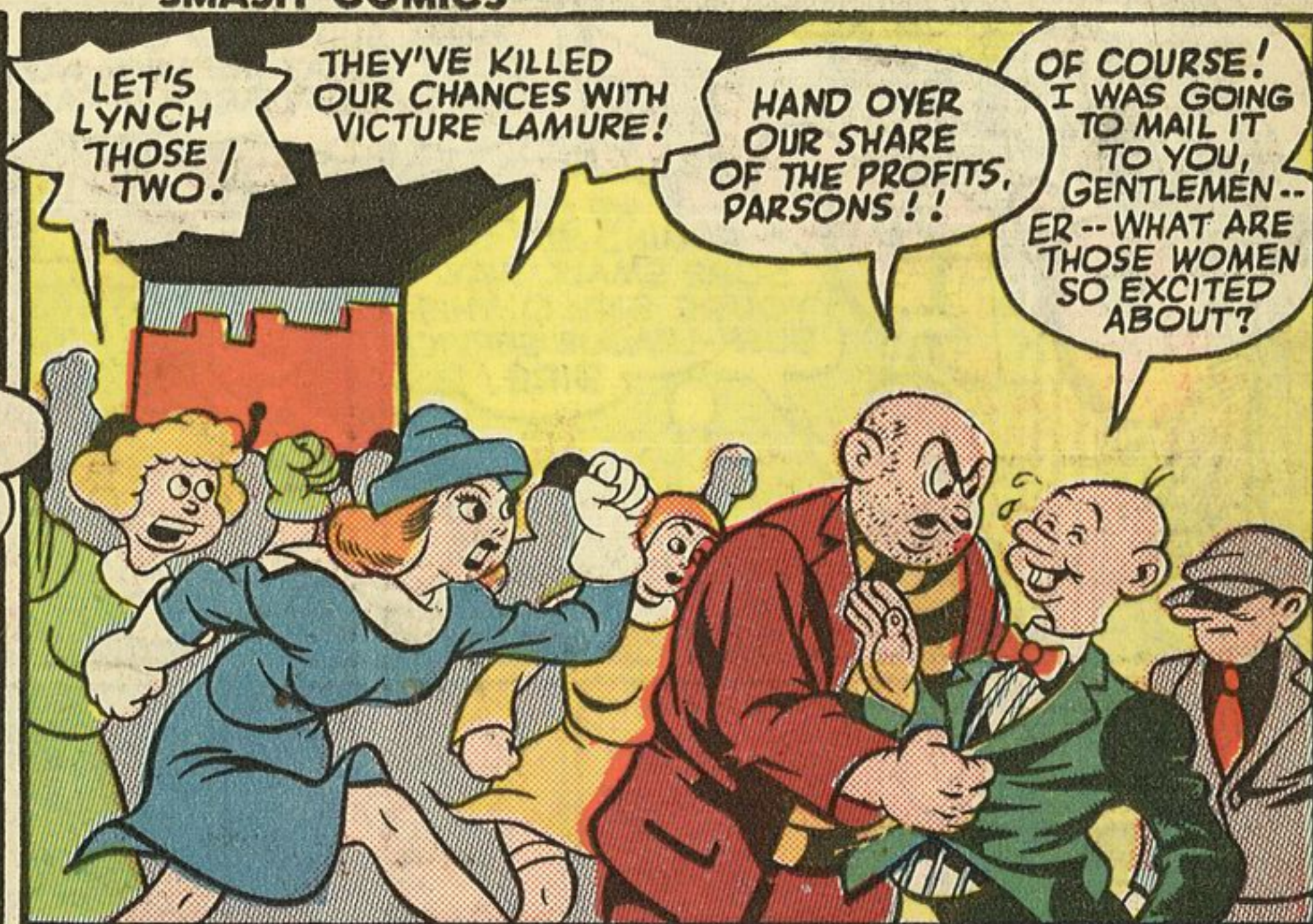


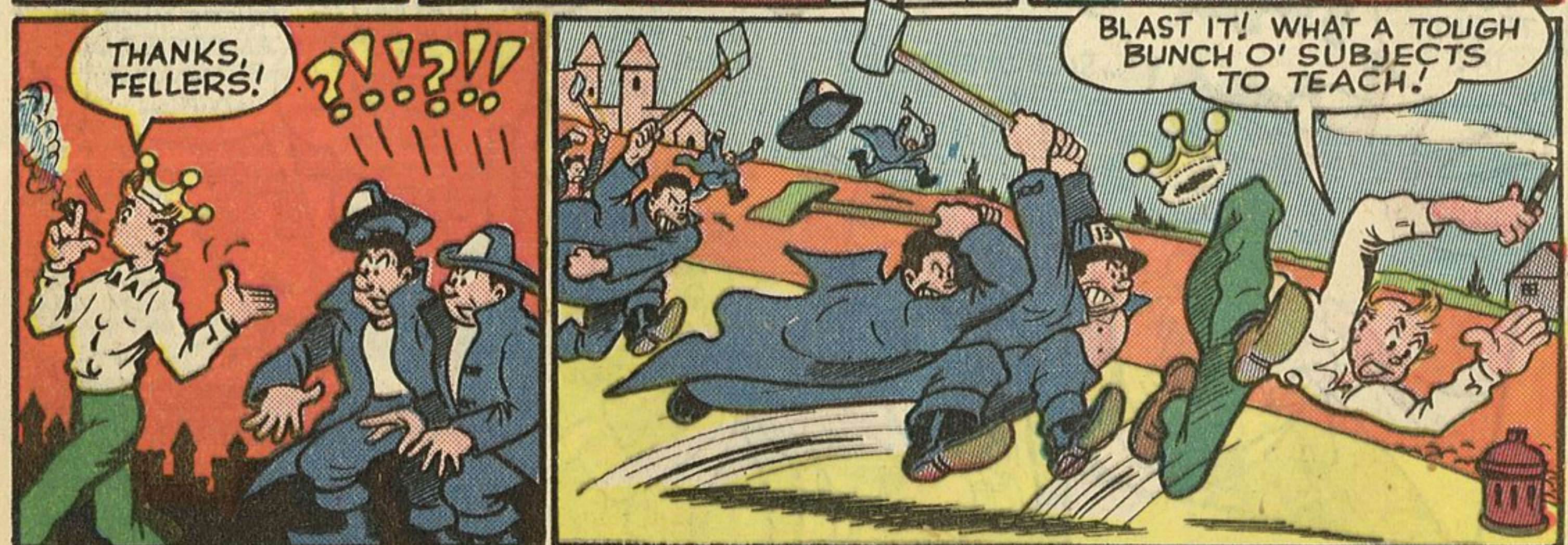
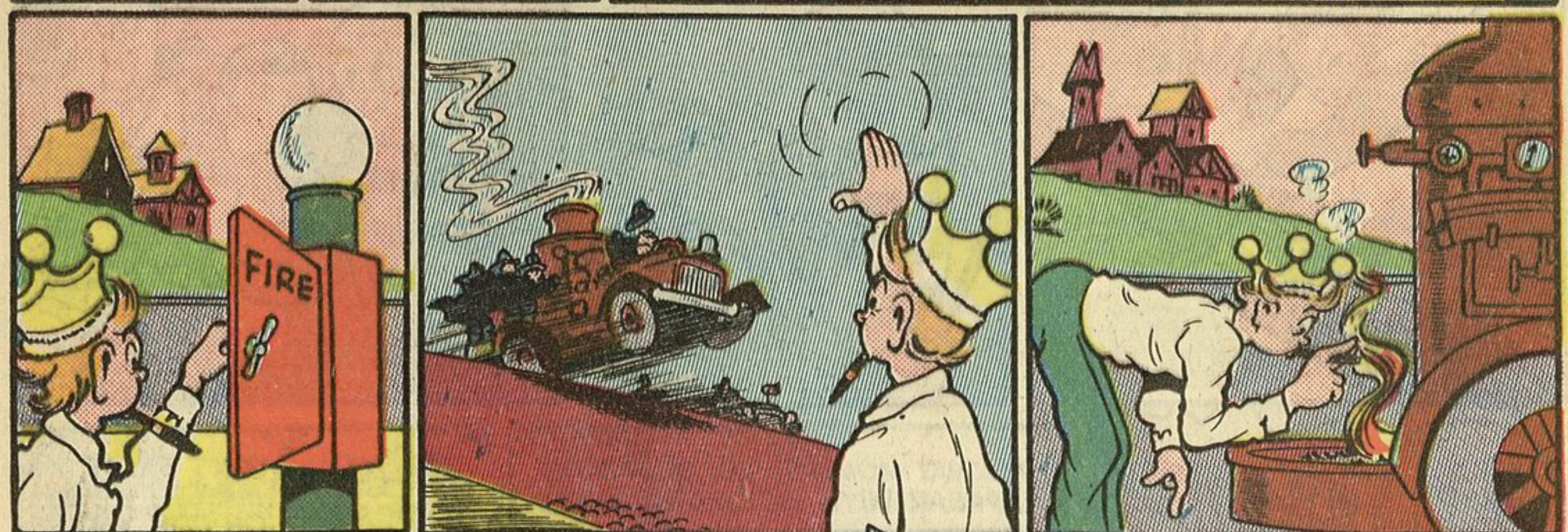
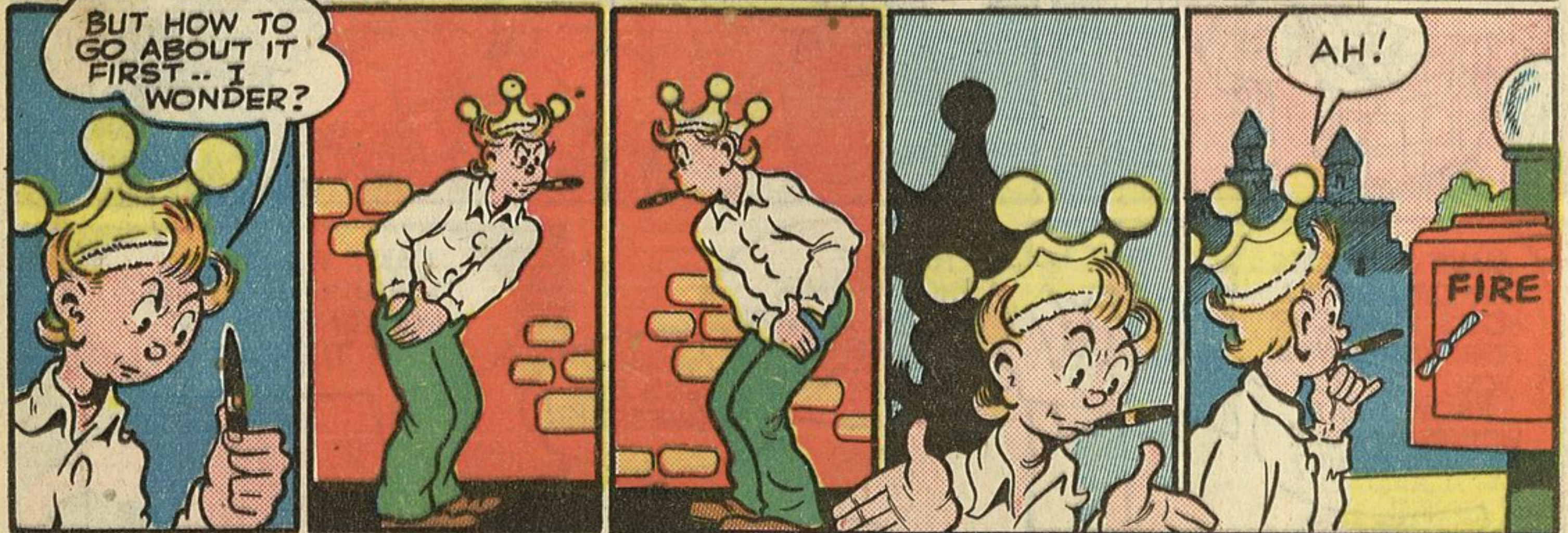
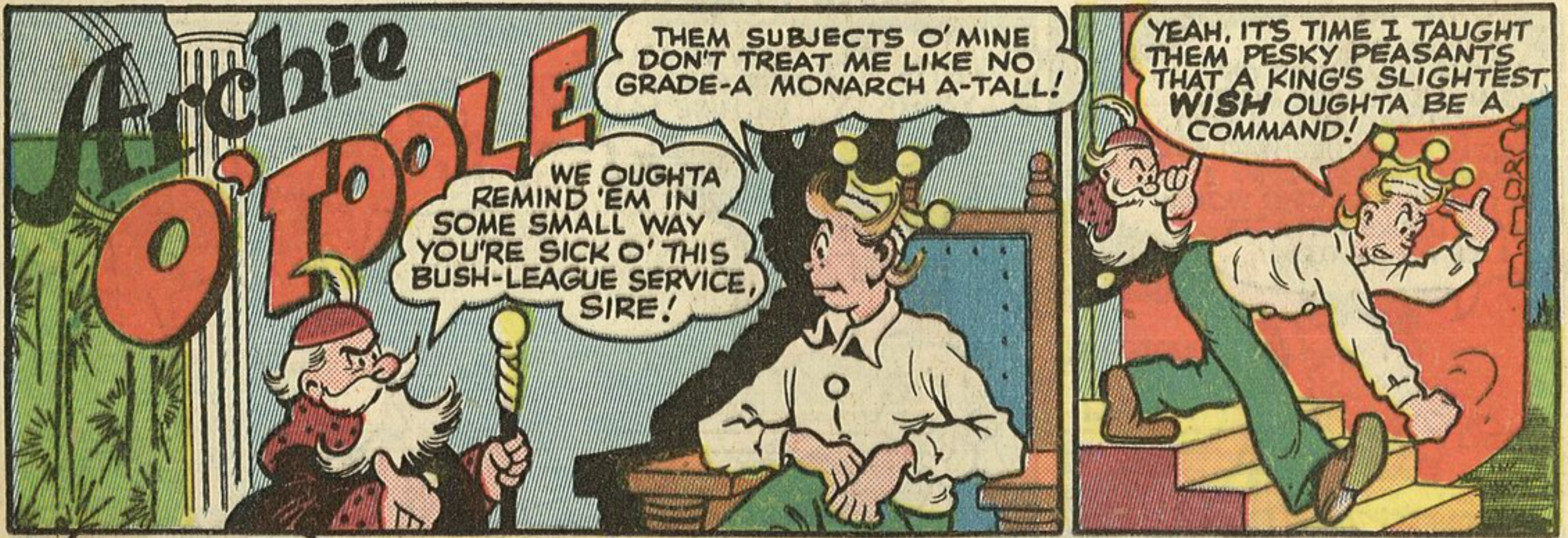
SPLENDID, MRS. TORRENT! YOU'RE A PERFECT SPECIMEN!

SMASH COMICS

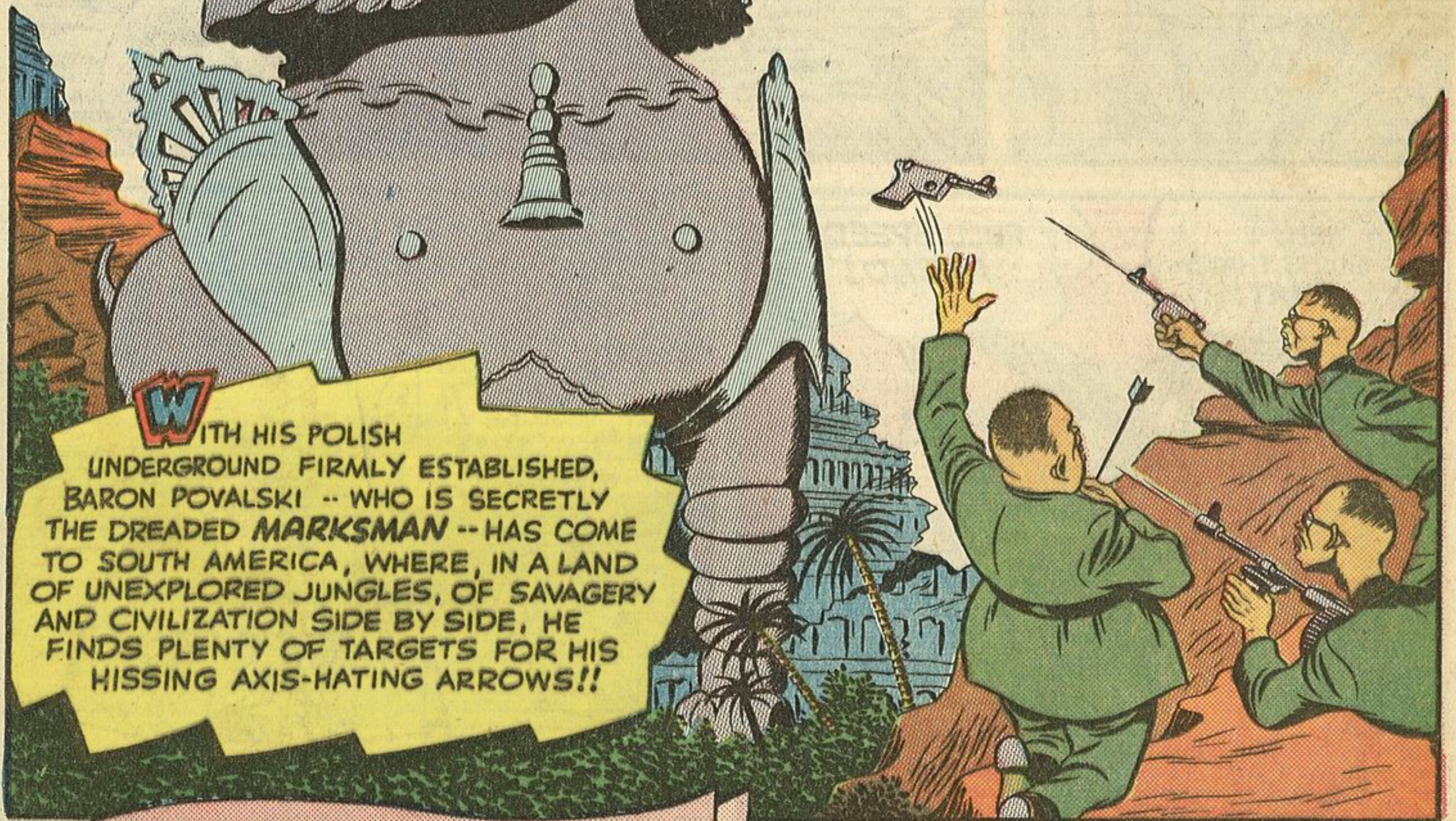








THE MARKSMAN



WITH HIS POLISH UNDERGROUND FIRMLY ESTABLISHED, BARON POVALSKI -- WHO IS SECRETLY THE DREADED **MARKSMAN** -- HAS COME TO SOUTH AMERICA, WHERE, IN A LAND OF UNEXPLORED JUNGLES, OF SAVAGERY AND CIVILIZATION SIDE BY SIDE, HE FINDS PLENTY OF TARGETS FOR HIS HISSING AXIS-HATING ARROWS!!

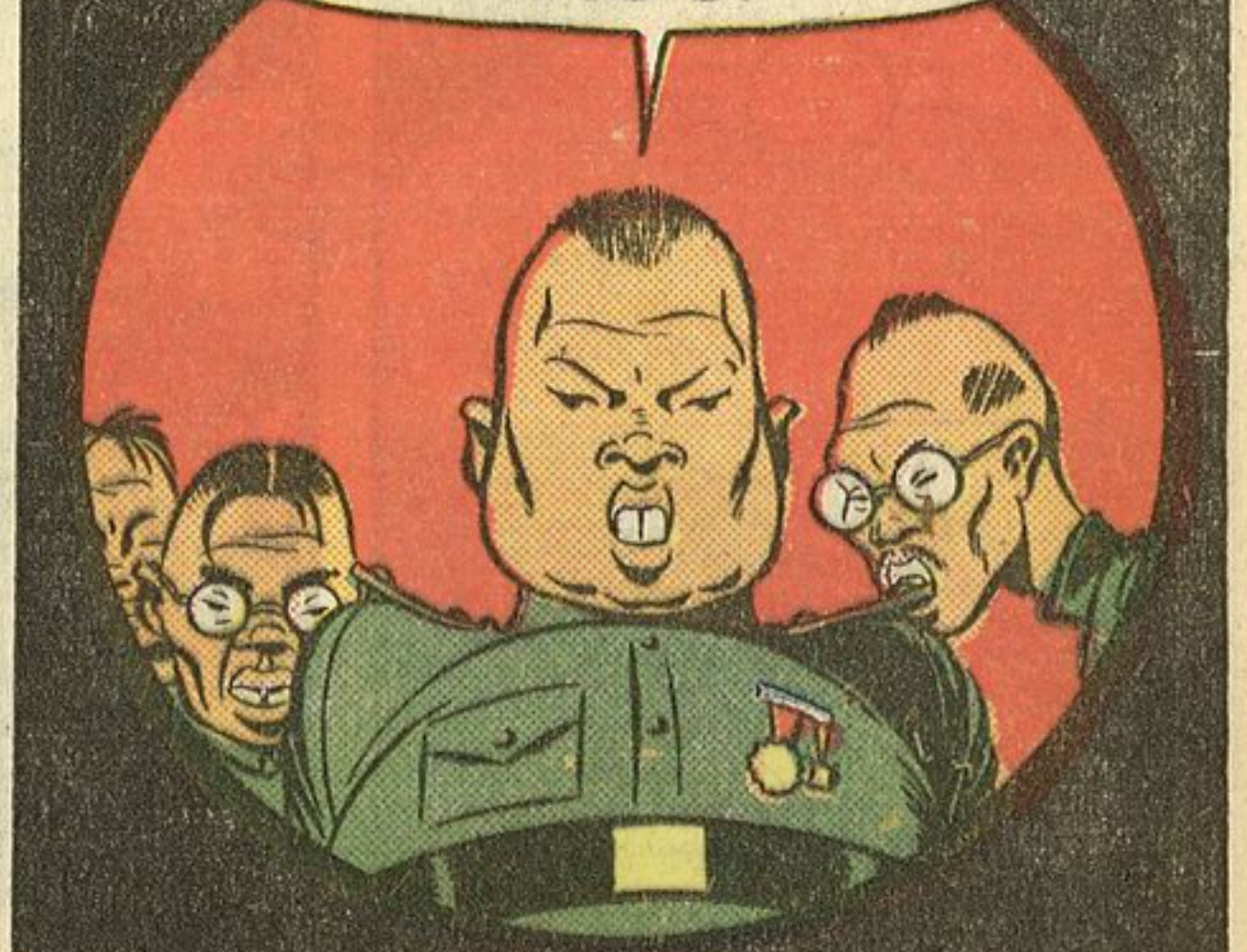
THE CUSTOMARY END OF ANOTHER NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC!...

HEY, MONKEY-FACE! YOU'RE FRESH OUT OF BATTLESHIP! PADDLE OVER AND WE'LL HAUL YOU ABOARD! IT'S BETTER THAN DROWNING!

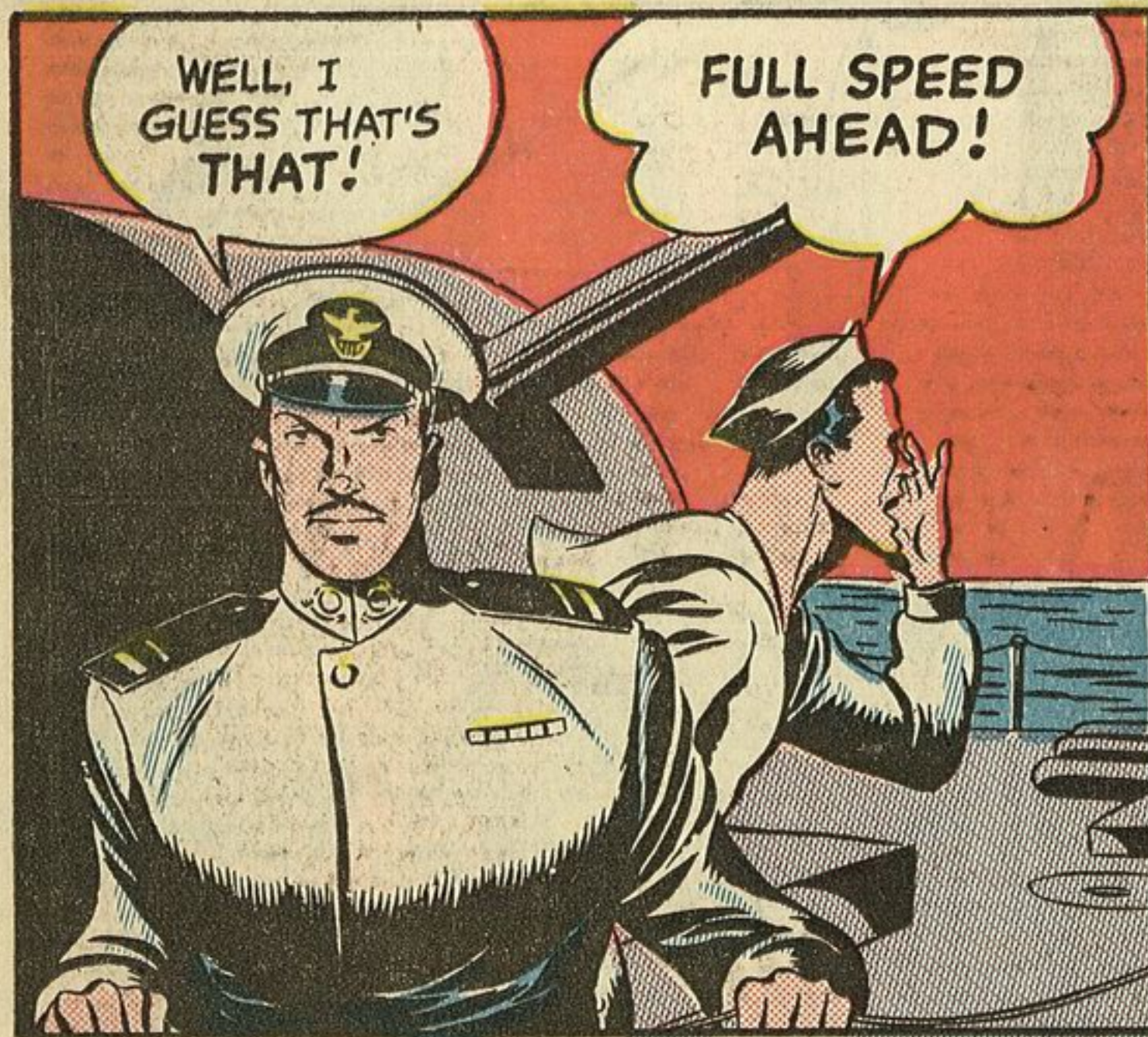
SO SORRY, PLEASE!

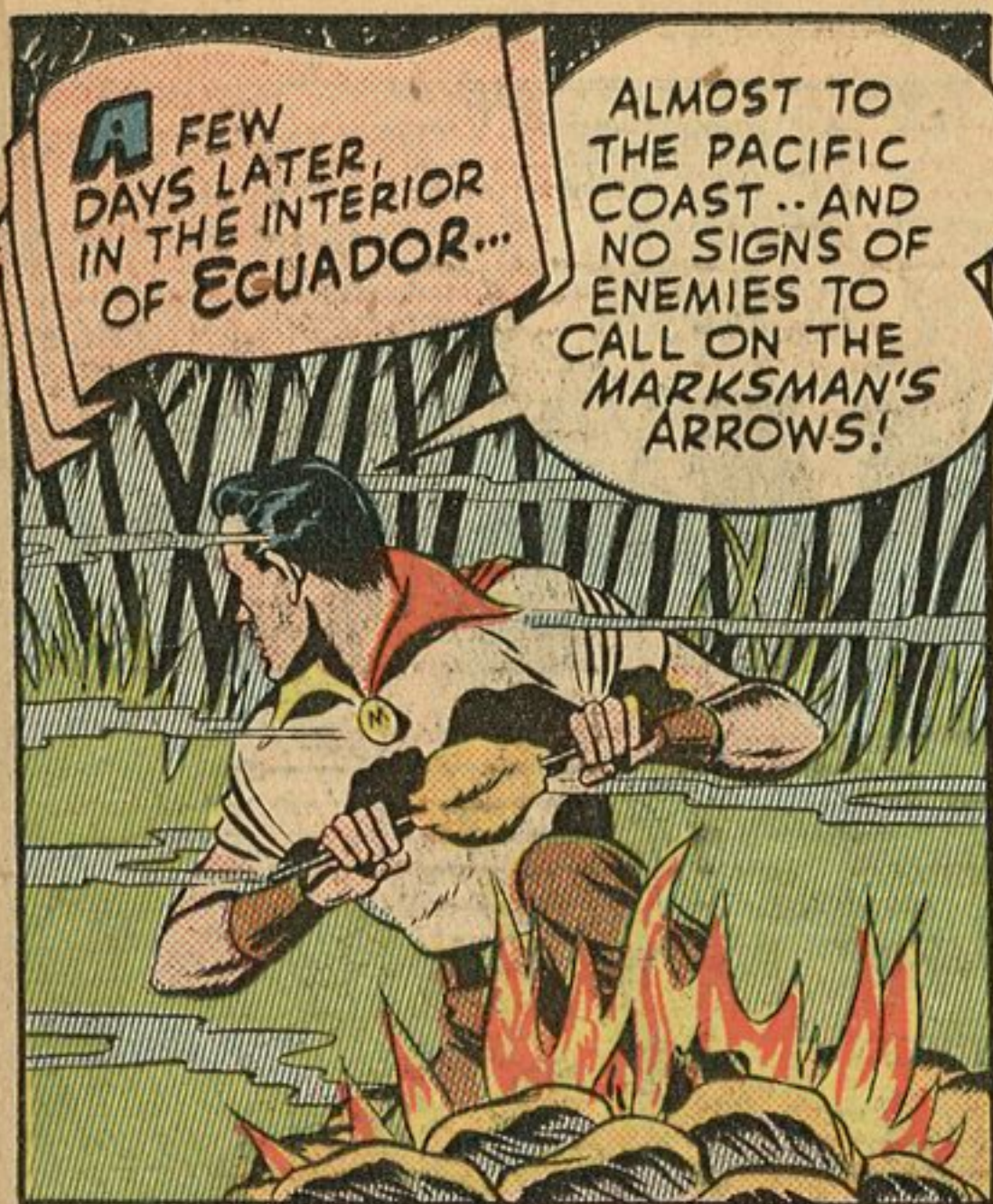


HONORABLE TOJO SAY NOT SURRENDER! HE SAY HONORABLE DEATH BETTER THAN DISHONORABLE SAFETY! YESS-S!



SMASH COMICS





A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE INTERIOR OF ECUADOR...

ALMOST TO THE PACIFIC COAST -- AND NO SIGNS OF ENEMIES TO CALL ON THE MARKSMAN'S ARROWS!

IT'S ODD! I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT THERE'S JAP TROUBLE SOMEWHERE IN THIS REGION -- AND MY HUNCHES ARE USUALLY RIGHT!



ECUADOR'S UNEXPLORED COASTLINE AND JUNGLES ARE NATURALS FOR JAP INVADERS! JUNGLE TROOPS, FILTERING IN, COULD ---



WHAT .. ??
SOMEONE'S COMING!
--AND HE'S IN A RUSH!



IF IT LOOKS LIKE A MONKEY, BUT HAS NO TAIL -- THERE'LL BE ONE DEAD JAP!



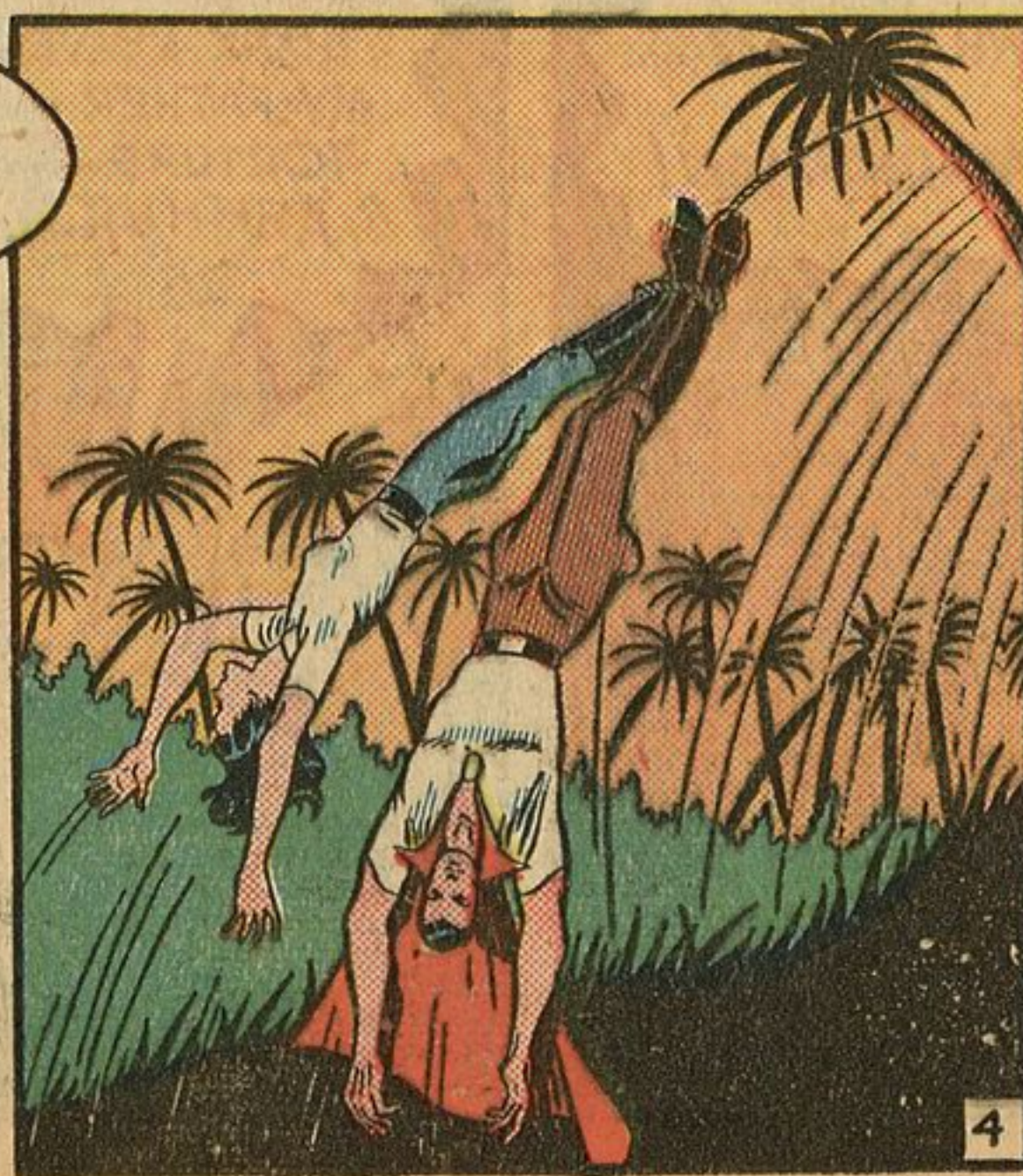
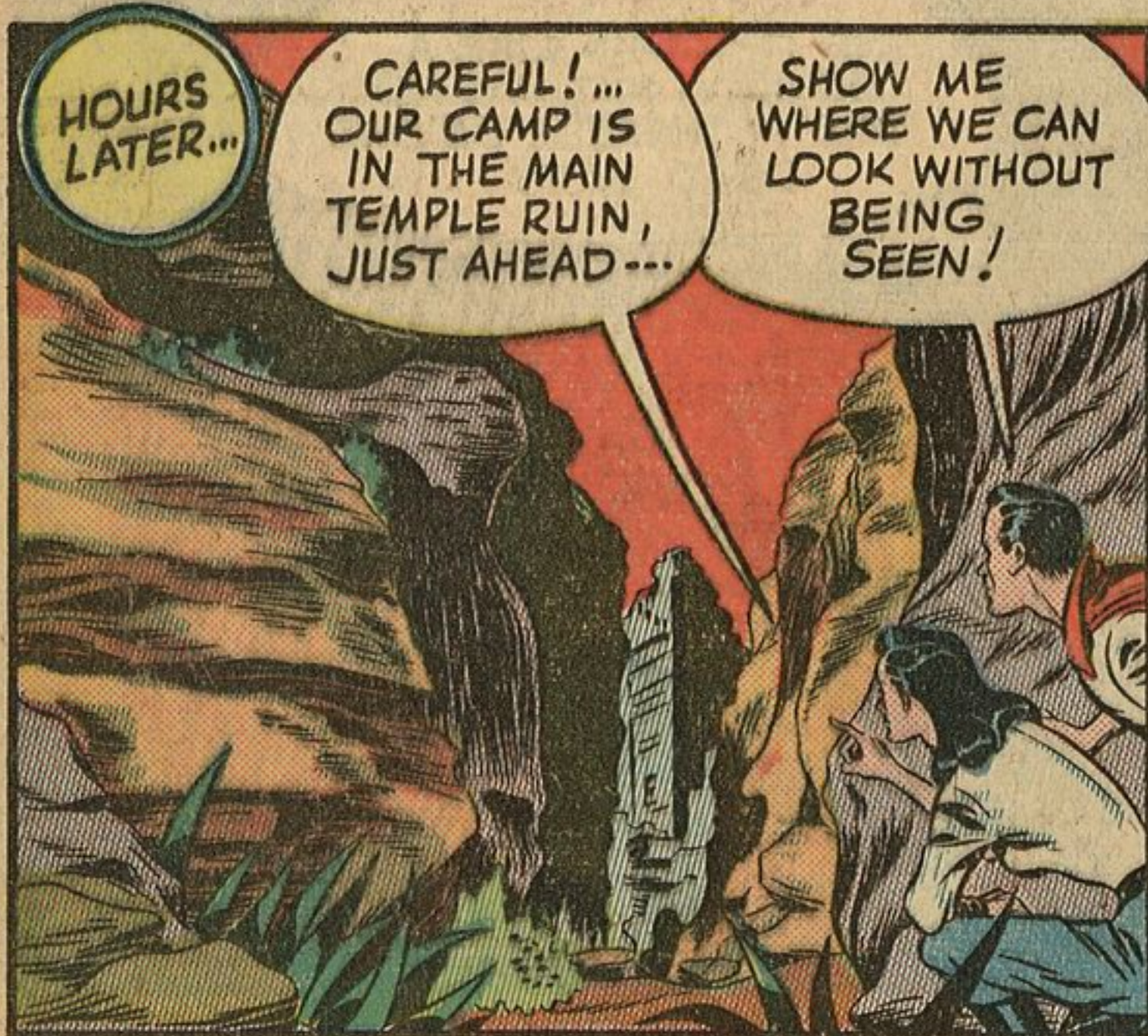
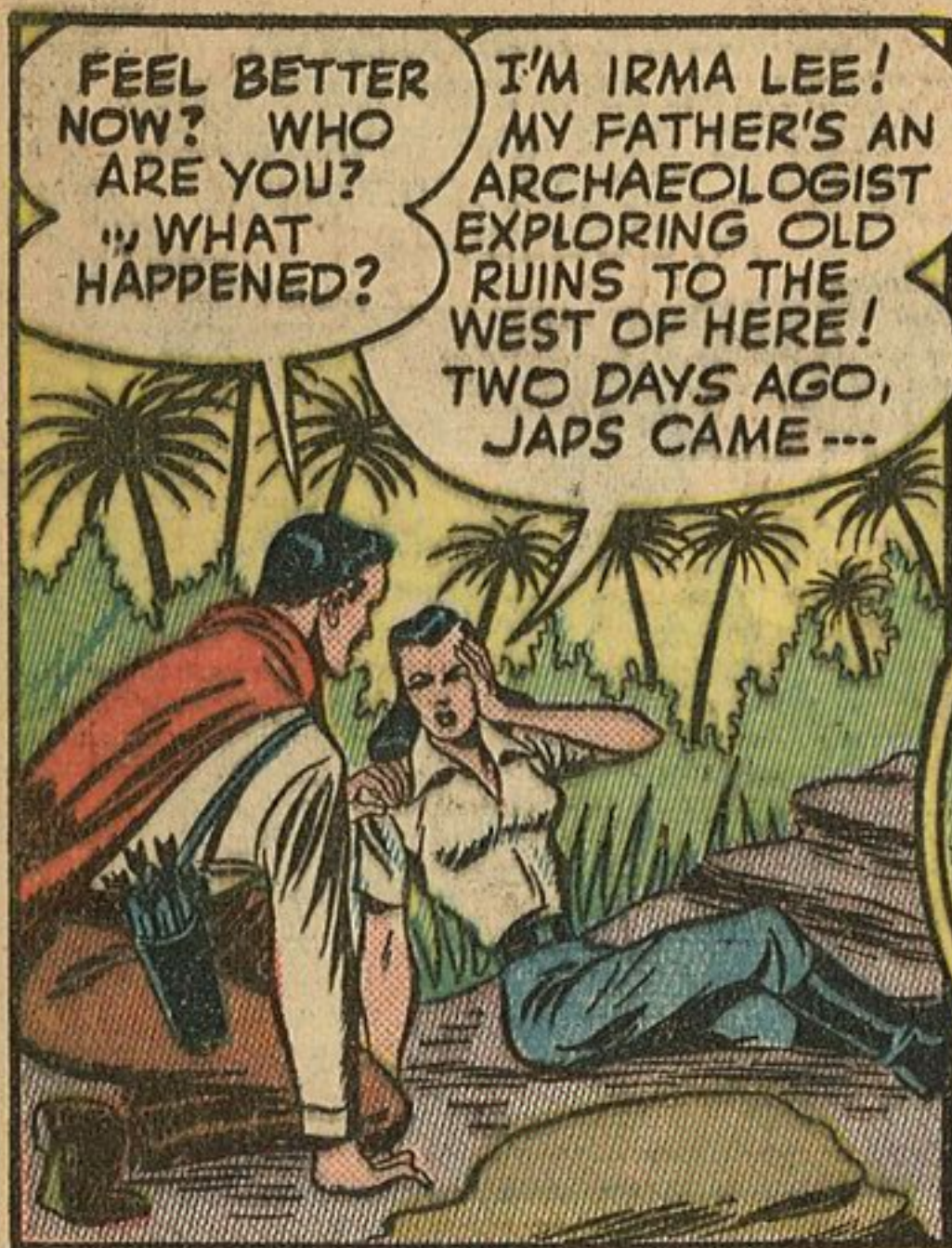
IT'S A GIRL!!

WHA ----- ??
THE MARKSMAN!



THANK HEAVEN! MY FATHER -- JAPS -- TORTURE -----
AHHHHHHH!

TAKE IT EASY, MISS! ... SHE'S FAINTED FROM EXHAUSTION!







WHEW!!
PUSSY, YOU AREN'T
FOOLING!!



THIS TIME,
NEITHER
AM I!!



I HAVEN'T TIME
TO PLAY TAG
WITH YOU
TODAY!

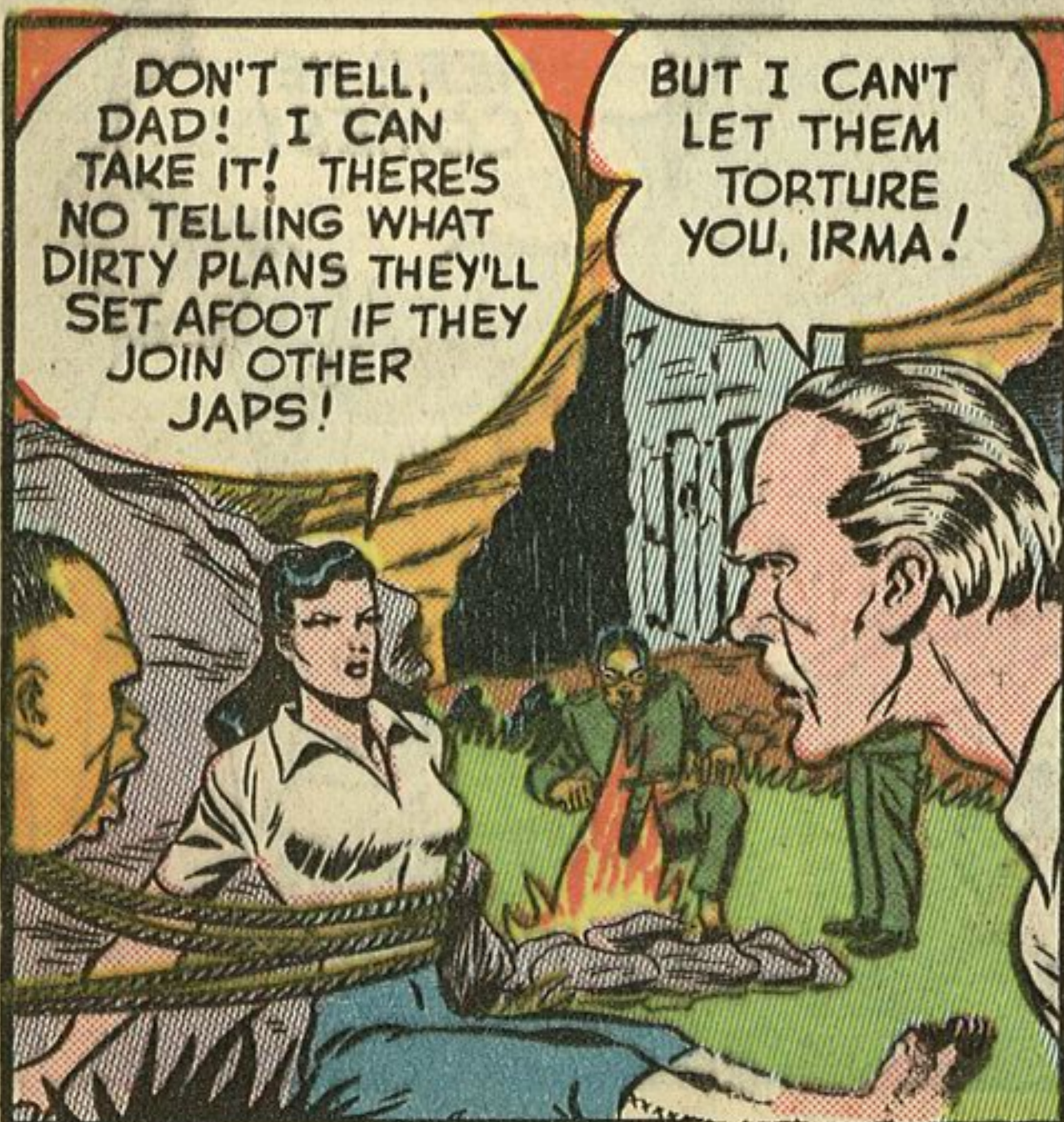


THE LAST THING
I REMEMBER WAS
SOMETHING ABOUT TORTURING
IRMA! I HOPE I'M IN
TIME TO SPOIL
THAT GAME!



IS LAST CHANCE!
OLD FOOL, YOU
TELL WHERE
NIPPONESE
PLANTATION LIES
OR WE BURN OFF
GIRL'S FEET!

YOU
RATS!
IF YOU
HURT
HER,
I'LL --



DON'T TELL,
DAD! I CAN
TAKE IT! THERE'S
NO TELLING WHAT
DIRTY PLANS THEY'LL
SET AFOOT IF THEY
JOIN OTHER
JAPS!

BUT I CAN'T
LET THEM
TORTURE
YOU, IRMA!



WHAT A SPOT!...
IF I SHOOT ONE JAP,
THE OTHERS WILL PROBABLY
KILL THE GIRL AND HER
FATHER BEFORE I GET
ANOTHER ARROW
STRUNG!



WAIT!!...
AM I
SEEING
THINGS?



A CAUBILLA -
OR "CANNON-BALL"
TREE! AND THE
NUTS ARE NEARLY
RIPE!



IF THEY'RE ONLY
RIPE ENOUGH -- THIS
MAY SAVE THE
DAY!



THEY
ARE!!

AIEEEEE!
吾 兎!!
RUN FOR COVER!
WE ARE
ATTACKED!



IT WORKED!
THE EXPLODING
NUTS DREW THEM
AWAY FROM THEIR
PRISONERS!

MARKSMAN!
WE'RE
SAVED!



I KILL
FOR GLORY
OF
NIPPON!

SORRY,
BUCK-
TOOTH!...



BUT YOU'RE A GOOD
EXAMPLE OF WHAT THE
FUTURE HOLDS FOR
THE GLORY OF
NIPPON!



THAT WAS
QUICK-THINKING,
MARKSMAN!
WHO'D EVER HAVE
THOUGHT OF USING
A CANNON-BALL
TREE TO STAMPEDE
THE JAPS?!!

PERHAPS IT'S
AN OMEN! IN
THE AMERICAS,
EVEN NATURE
IS ARMED TO
FIGHT AGAINST
WOULD-BE
INVADERS.



MUST YOU
LEAVE SO
SOON,
MARKSMAN?

YES! I'M
ANXIOUS
TO MEET
THOSE JAP
COCO-PLANTERS
TO THE EAST --
WHERE THOSE
RATS EXPECTED
TO FIND HAVEN!



ALL I CAN SAY
IS -- HEAVEN HELP
THOSE JAPS WHEN
THE MARKSMAN
FINDS THEM!

THE MARKSMAN RETURNS IN
THE NEXT ISSUE OF
SMASH COMICS!

ESPIONAGE

STARRING
Black X



The Greatest Problem of the War... How to Treat a Conquered Enemy!...

WHILE THE FOE IS STILL FIGHTING, ANYTHING GOES! BUT HE MAY BE MOST DANGEROUS WHEN HE IS DOWN AND PLAYING POSSUM!

BLACK X, ACE AGENT OF THE ALLIES, FINDS THAT EVEN HE HAS MUCH TO LEARN ... FROM THE "FALSE SURRENDER"!

DON RICO



INVASION!... VICTORY!... THE TYRANTS ARE OUT -- THE YANKS ARE IN!

OKAY, YOU AXIS APES! REACH FOR THE SKY!

DON'T BE AFRAID, CIVILIANS! SO FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED, THE WAR'S OVER!

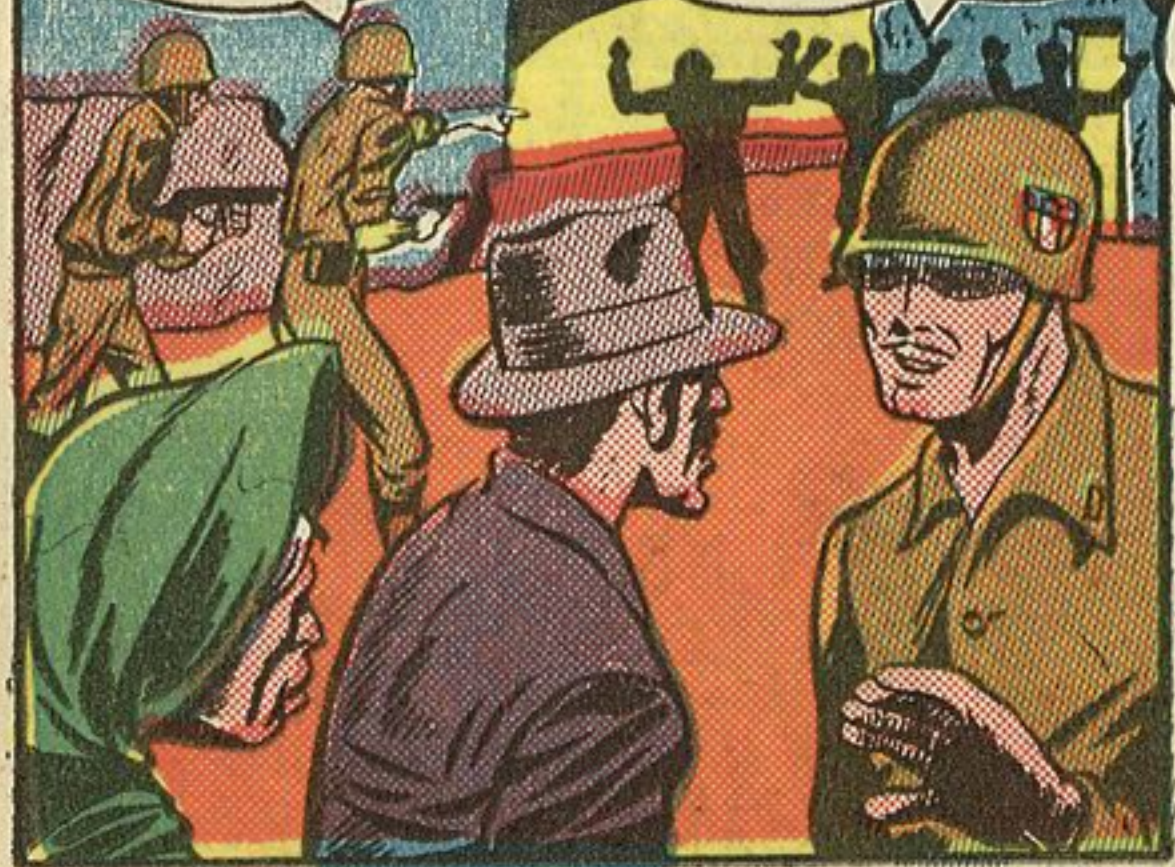
NO TROUBLE WE GIVE! WE DO WHAT SOLDIERS TELL US-- LIKE ALWAYS!

I WISH WE COULD MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT WE WANT TO SET YOU FREE!

AND THE DIFFICULT PROBLEM IS DISCUSSED BY THE COMMANDER AND HIS BEST ESPIONAGE AGENT...

BLACK X, THEY'VE BEEN UNDER TYRANNY SO LONG THAT THEY DON'T GRASP WHAT'S HAPPENED! I HAVE A SENSE THAT THERE'S A GREAT HIDDEN PROBLEM!

AND A HIDDEN DANGER, SIR! I'M DIGGING INTO IT, AT ONCE!





YES, BATU!

SALAAM, SAHIB-- THIS PERSON ASKS FOR YOU, TO GIVE VALUABLE INFORMATION!



MY NAME IS KORTIS! I HAVE HELP FOR YOU! THE LOCAL ENEMY LEADERS ARE BARRICADED IN A CELLAR ON THE NEXT STREET, PLOTTING AGAINST YOU!

IF YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH... THANKS!



WHERE THE LEADERS LURK...

OUR FIRST TASK IS TO SABOTAGE THE INCOMING YANKEES, SO THAT OUR TROOPS BEYOND CAN FIGHT THEM BACK AND--



THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR! --WE'RE BETRAYED!



OPEN THE DOOR! I'LL NOT MISS AT THIS RANGE!



SMASH YOUR WAY IN, BATU! I'VE GOT THE ONLY ONE WITH A GUN!



KORTIS! YOU BETRAYING SWINE! YOU TOLD THEM!

WHY NOT ADMIT IT? ... I'M PROUD OF THE DEED!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND, KORTIS! THEY WERE HIGH OFFICIALS OF THE AXIS--

THE AXIS IS BEATEN, THEZDA! SOON IT WILL BE BUT A STRANGE LEGEND!



I AM THINKING OF THE FUTURE-- TWENTY YEARS HENCE -- AND YOU'D BETTER DO LIKE-WISE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, KORTIS -- AS USUAL!



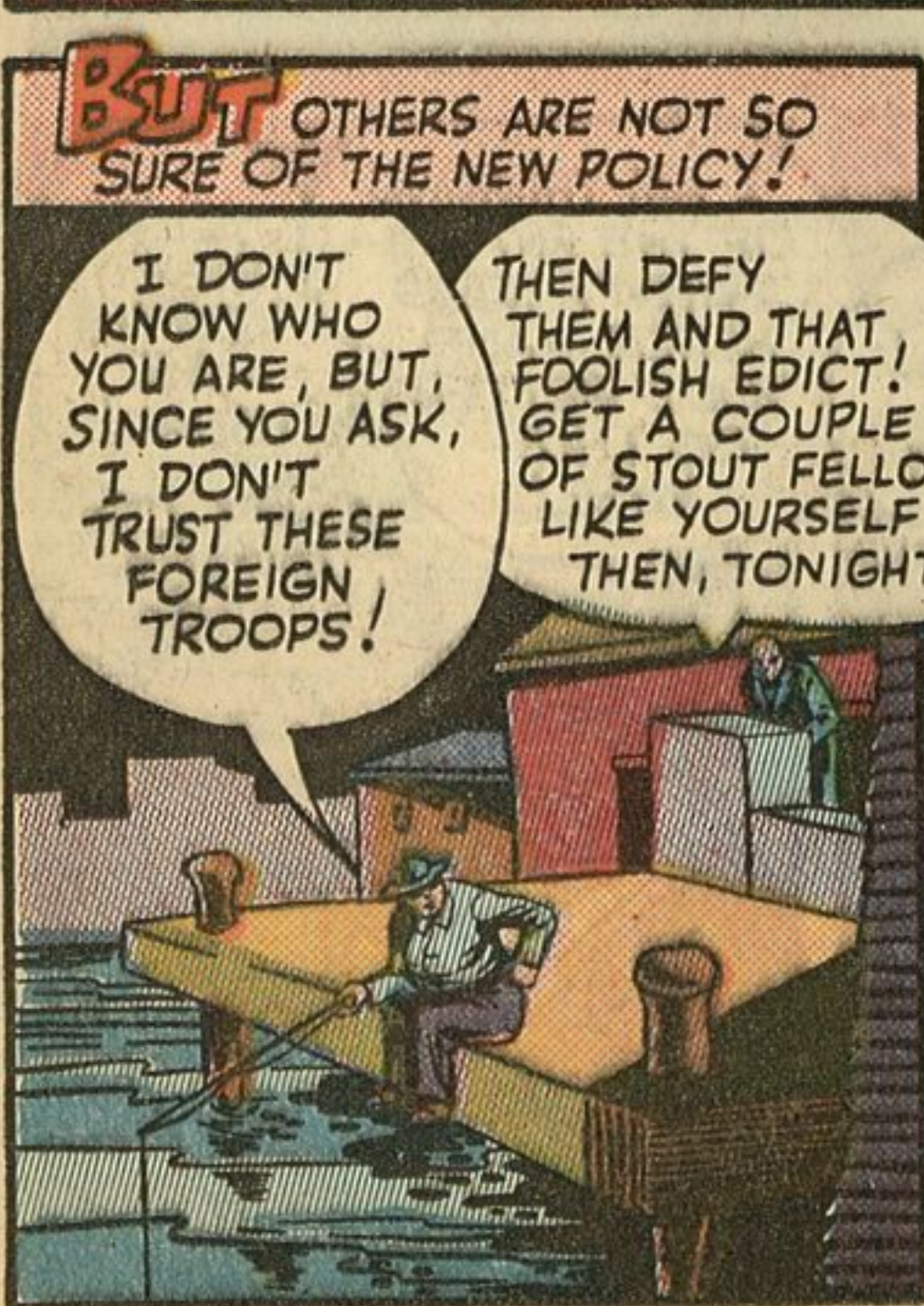
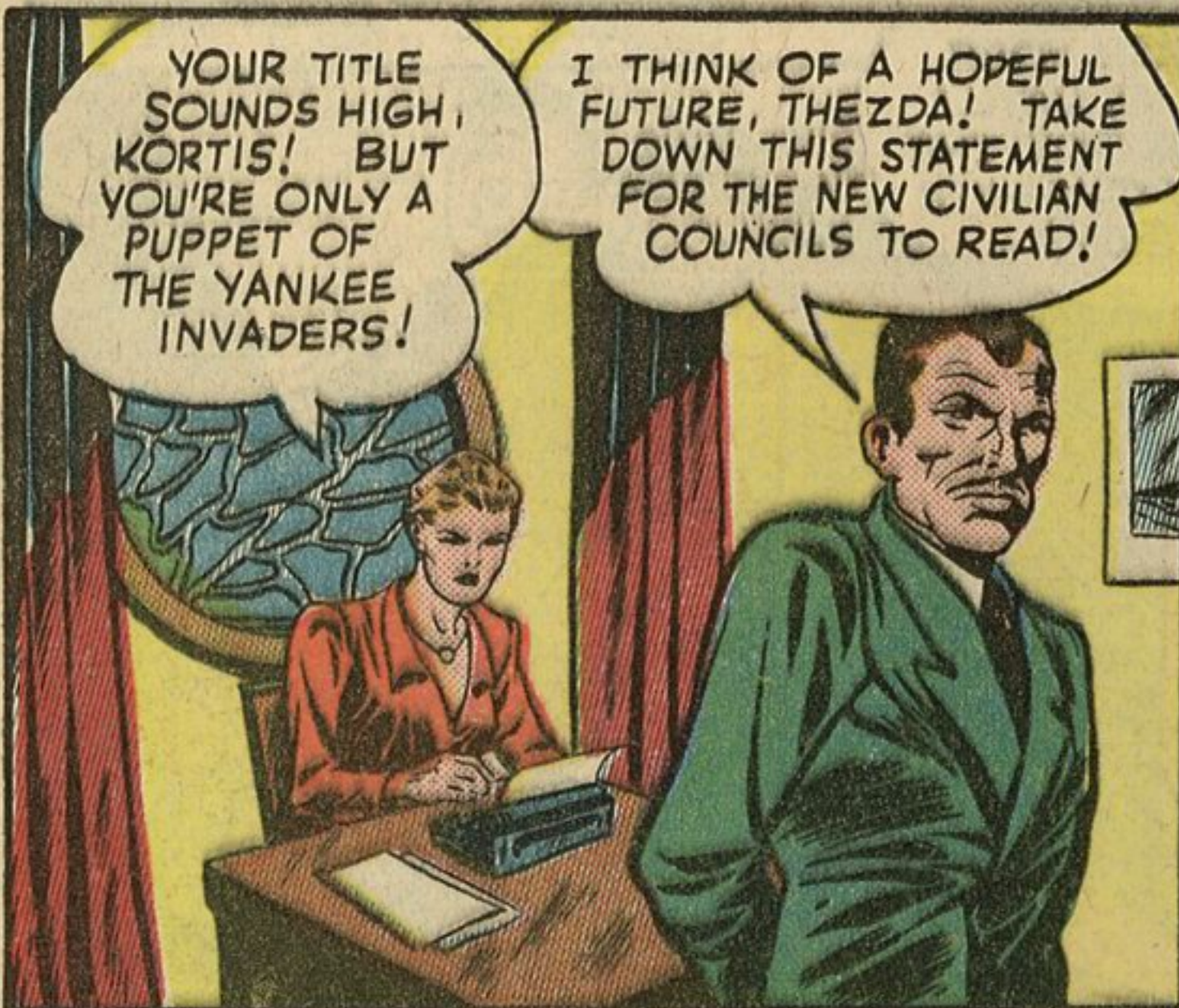
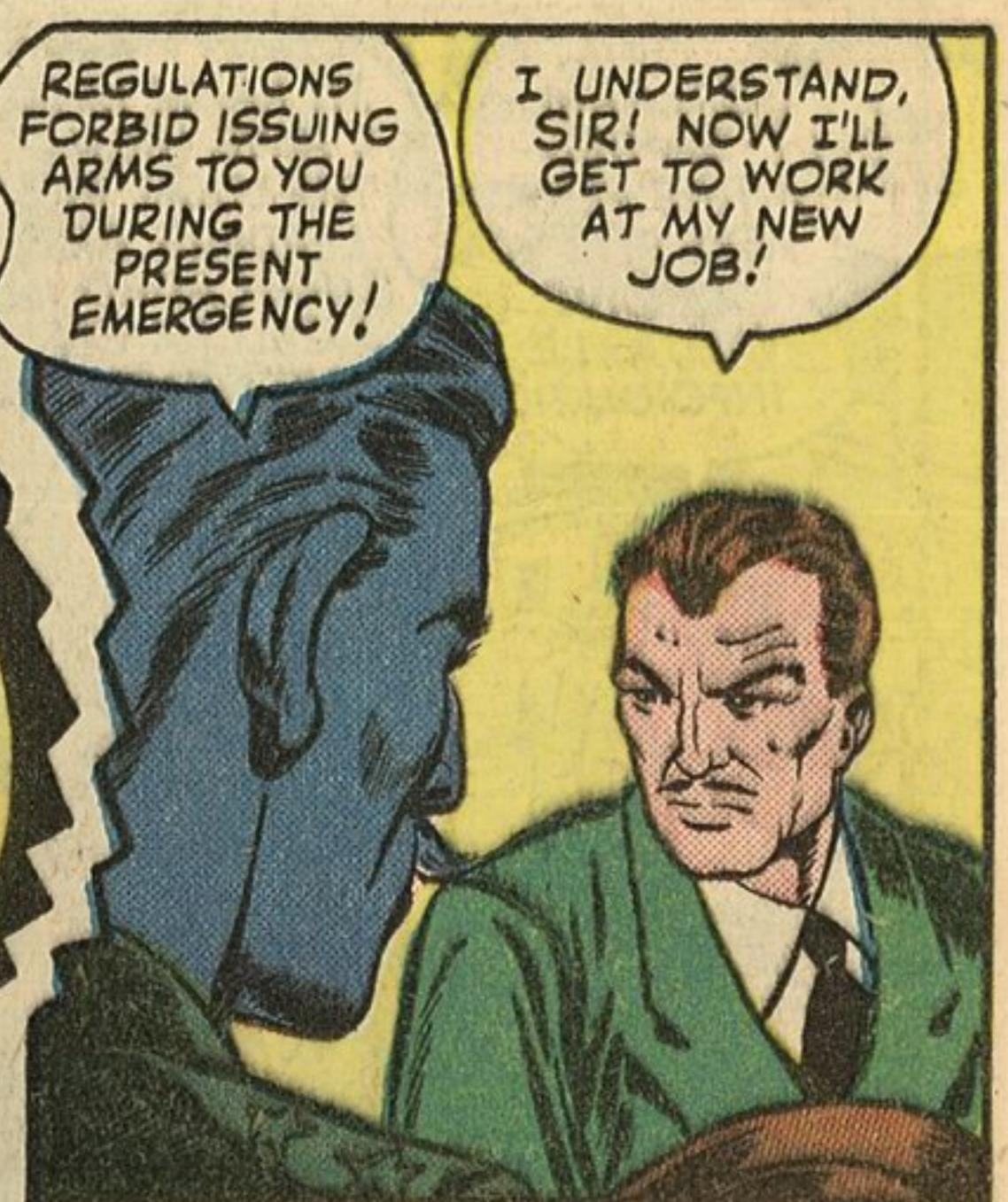
I'LL DO MY BEST, GENERAL! TODAY, I'LL CHOOSE TRUST-WORTHY AIDES!

I'LL EVEN ORGANIZE NATIVE POLICE, AND YOU CAN ARM THEM!

SORRY! THAT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE!

REGULATIONS FORBID ISSUING ARMS TO YOU DURING THE PRESENT EMERGENCY!

I UNDERSTAND, SIR! NOW I'LL GET TO WORK AT MY NEW JOB!



BUT OTHERS ARE ROAMING
IN THE NIGHT....

ONE OF OUR SENTRIES
IS IN TROUBLE!
CHARGE, BATU!

YES,
MASTER!

IT'S
BLACK
X!

I'LL GET TO
YOU IN A SECOND,
FOUR-TIMER!

GUARD THOSE
TWO, SOLDIER!
WE'LL FINISH
THE JOB!

IT'S
KORTIS!
... WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THE
MASKED
MAN?

HE STRUCK
ME -- AN
AWFUL BLOW--
AND
VANISHED
INTO THE
NIGHT!

WHAT WERE
YOU DOING
OUT AT
NIGHT?

LIKE YOU, I WAS
WATCHING FOR
POSSIBLE
TROUBLE! AND
WE BOTH FOUND
IT, EH?

THE
MAN I
CHASED
GOT
AWAY
!

SO DID THE
MAN I CHASED!
LET'S GO TO
HEADQUARTERS!

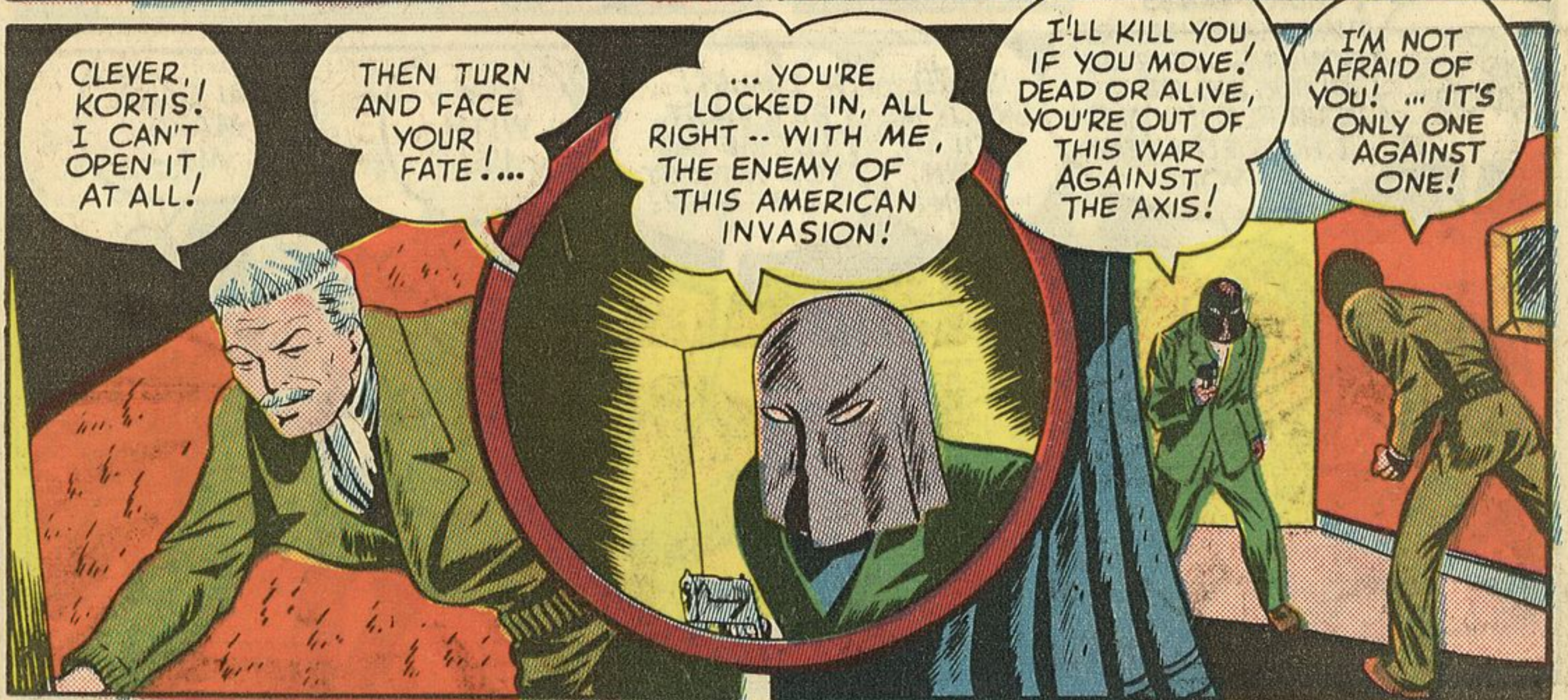
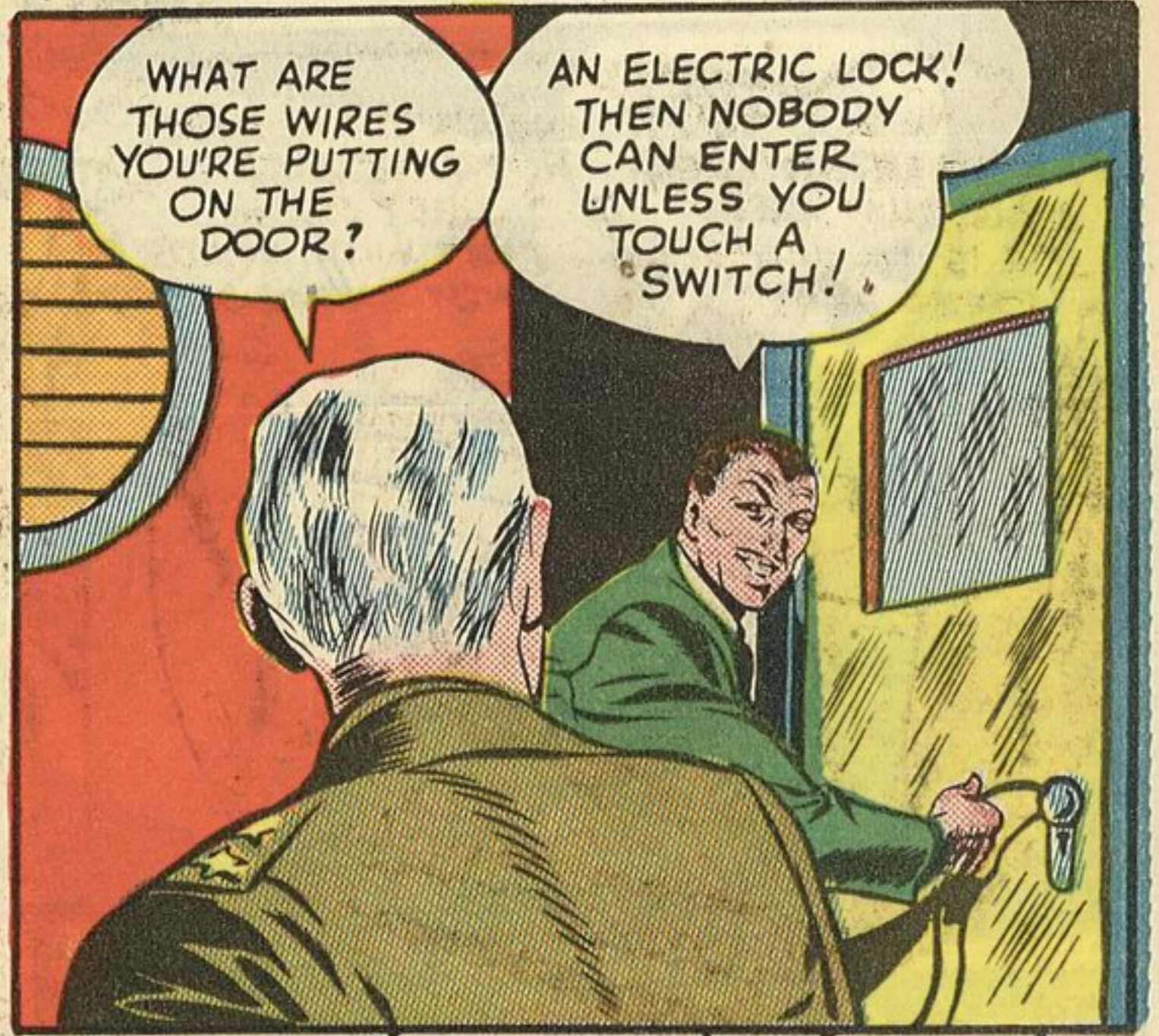
SENTRIES
ATTACKED,
EH? ... I
DON'T LIKE
IT!

I AGREE, SIR!
IT MUST BE
STOPPED! AGAIN,
I ASK, LET ME
ARM MY
FRIENDS --

WE KNOW THESE
PEOPLE --AND
YOU DON'T! WE
CAN CATCH THE
GUILTY MEN AND
MAKE AN EXAMPLE
OF THEM!

SORRY--I STILL
CANNOT ISSUE
ARMS TO YOU!
AND WE CAN'T
MAKE EXAMPLES
OF THOSE MEN!
WE'RE HERE FOR
FREEDOM, NOT
REVENGE!









DEATH CAME ON THE WIND

THE stealthy sound was enough to awaken Lieut. Walt Klages. He sat up in his sleeping bag, fumbling for his revolver. A rifle blazed from the jungle and the slug zinged over Lieut. Klages' head, close.

That awakened the whole camp. A machine-gun stuttered at the edge of the clearing in which they had been sleeping. It chopped down a dozen men. But by this time everyone was hurling back the enemy fire and Jap yells echoed through the crackling darkness.

Lieut. Klages got creased by a Jap bullet and blood spurted from his right forearm. He cursed, vowing to personally slit the throat of every Nip in New Guinea.

Just as quickly as the sneak attack had come, it ended. The Japs—not all of them got away—vanished.

It was two o'clock in the morning; too dark to undertake a skirmish party. The guard was doubled. The few sentries who had started the night watch were dead. The Nips had pulled one of their little morale-breaking tricks by decapitating the sentries and placing their bloody heads on the victims' rifles, which were stuck into the ground.

They didn't discover this gruesome sight until dawn, and it did no good for breakfast. It did less than that for the men's tempers and their general conception of Jap war tactics.

"The bloody rats!" muttered Klages. "The dirty sneakin'

yellow-bellies. Wait'll I get my mitts on 'em!"

One of the sentries had been Lieut. Klages' friend.

How the enemy had slipped up, murdered every guard and got as far as they did was something no one could figure out.

The commanding officer gave the men a brisk pep talk next morning. "... and we'll rout every last one of 'em. We know they are somewhere near here, but we don't know how close. We'll get going immediately."

Jimmy Christian, young American adventurer, at the moment attached to the U. S. Intelligence, had a word to say:

"Perhaps they landed last night—a task force."

The C. O. shook his head. "I doubt it. They'd have had to cut through the jungle anyway they approached, and the noise would've drawn the guard."

"They could've used the trail we cut, sir," Jimmy persisted. "It's fairly clean as I remember."

It was conceivable that a small force could have sneaked along the already-cleared trail of the Americans. Hardly a force of such numbers as had attacked the sleeping men, however.

The trail led to the beach—a matter of three miles. Near the camp a high range of hills rose out of the jungles, their summits bare conical extinct volcanoes.

Aerial photogs had mapped pretty much of the area, finding it a dual combination of dense jungle and rugged mountains—

mountains whose convolutions and jagged cones indicated an entire volcanic land. There were numerous hiding places, but they were practically inaccessible because of the towering cliffs.

Two hundred men set out at 0700 to locate the Nips. There were a few animal trails through the thick tangle of lianas and creepers, but none of them allowed a man to stand erect as he advanced. It was forge ahead at a half-squat, or hack the upper branches and brush away. It was tringa work and the temperature was around 120 even at that early hour. Mosquitoes buzzed everywhere in veritable clouds, and poisonous snakes were too numerous for comfort. Yet these men would have fought through flames to get at the Nips who'd tricked them and killed their friends.

They made four miles in seven hours and were still nowhere. The mountains, which had appeared relatively close from the beachhead, were still two or three miles away.

Toward evening, several Japanese Zeros went over, high up, probably on a photog mission, since they did no bombing.

That night the soldiers again slept in the jungle, undisturbed. Except for fighting mosquitoes, and listening to the incessant croaking and chattering of night birds, but even so they slept. Fatigue usually guarantees slumber.

The morning was overcast. A thin fog came in off the sea, blotting out the sky. It didn't

SMASH COMICS

help the temperature; if anything, the heat was more intense, augmented now by a suffocating ground steam that rose from the rotting vegetation.

They reached the foothills of the range just before noon and threw up temporary quarters. This would be their base until they found the Jap concentration.

Jimmy Christian accompanied the platoon that set out on a scouting party after lunch. It was headed by Lieut. Walt Klages.

Two hours before sunset, a soldier in the lead of the column stumbled into a clump of thorn bush, ripping his hands and face. After the first outburst of anger, he suddenly cried out, "Hey—what's this?"

The rest of the soldiers had come up by now and together they pulled the bushes apart, revealing the mouth of a large tunnel. It was then that Jimmy noticed the faint markings of a path leading from the tunnel. It had been cleverly concealed with leaves and scattered dirt.

"Take it easy, men," cautioned Klages. "And careful now."

The soldier who had discovered the tunnel stepped inside and began walking forward, his flash playing a bright beam ahead. Before any of the others had a chance to go more than a few feet into the tunnel, they heard the soldier gasp, then his light crashed to the floor of the tunnel and he slumped down.

Klages called softly, "Hey, Wells! What happened?"

"Back out of here!" snapped Jimmy. "Something's mighty wrong. I think Wells is dead—gas. Probably volcanic."

Jimmy broke out his gas mask and put it on. The others did

likewise. Jimmy motioned to them and stepped into the tunnel. They went forward silently. The bore was all of a thousand feet long. But they were rewarded at its end. The tunnel ended in a low hill, part of the chain of hills and cliffs that surrounded a small valley. And there, hidden safely, was a large encampment of Japs!

"There they are!" said Jimmy. "Five thousand, if there are a dozen, I'd say. And pretty well concealed at that."

"Impossible to rout 'em out," Lieut. Klages stated. "We have exactly one plane; won't have any other for days yet, and by that time they'll have decided to mop up on us."

"Then wouldn't it be wise to beat 'em to the punch, Lieutenant—for our own skins?" asked Jimmy wryly.

Klages grinned. "Sure. But how?"

Jimmy had a plan. As they made their way back to headquarters, bringing the body of Wells with them, he mapped it out completely. Whether it would work or not he didn't know. It was worth trying, however.

They buried Wells at the mouth of the tunnel, well back in some bushes, and headed back to their clearing. They made good time now, not having to chop their way.

The volcanic gas in the tunnel spurted from hundreds of small crevices in the walls, a thick, deadly cloud of gas. Even a whiff of many volcanic gases is almost instantly lethal.

Jimmy's idea had to do with removing the engine from their one plane and carrying it back to the tunnel mouth. It took a

detail of five men two hours to dismount it, along with the gas tank. Then a double force headed for the tunnel mouth, lugging the engine on long poles.

They set the engine up on an improvised mount directly in the middle of the tunnel entrance. Jimmy held his breath as they got the thing started, its powerful slipstream roaring back into the tunnel. Time passed. An hour. Two. The gas supply was running low. But they kept on until the engine coughed and stopped.

"Well, there she is," said Klages. "I hope your stunt worked. There hasn't been a sound or stir of life since we started the thing."

There was no activity in the tunnel, when they got the engine away from the mouth and peered inside. They waited a full hour before venturing in, because the strong wind had whipped up a cloud of impenetrable dust. They didn't want to take any chances with the Japs. It might prove to be a death trap for them.

"I don't know what could have happened unless those Nips are all passed out," said Jimmy. "They certainly could hear that motor racing."

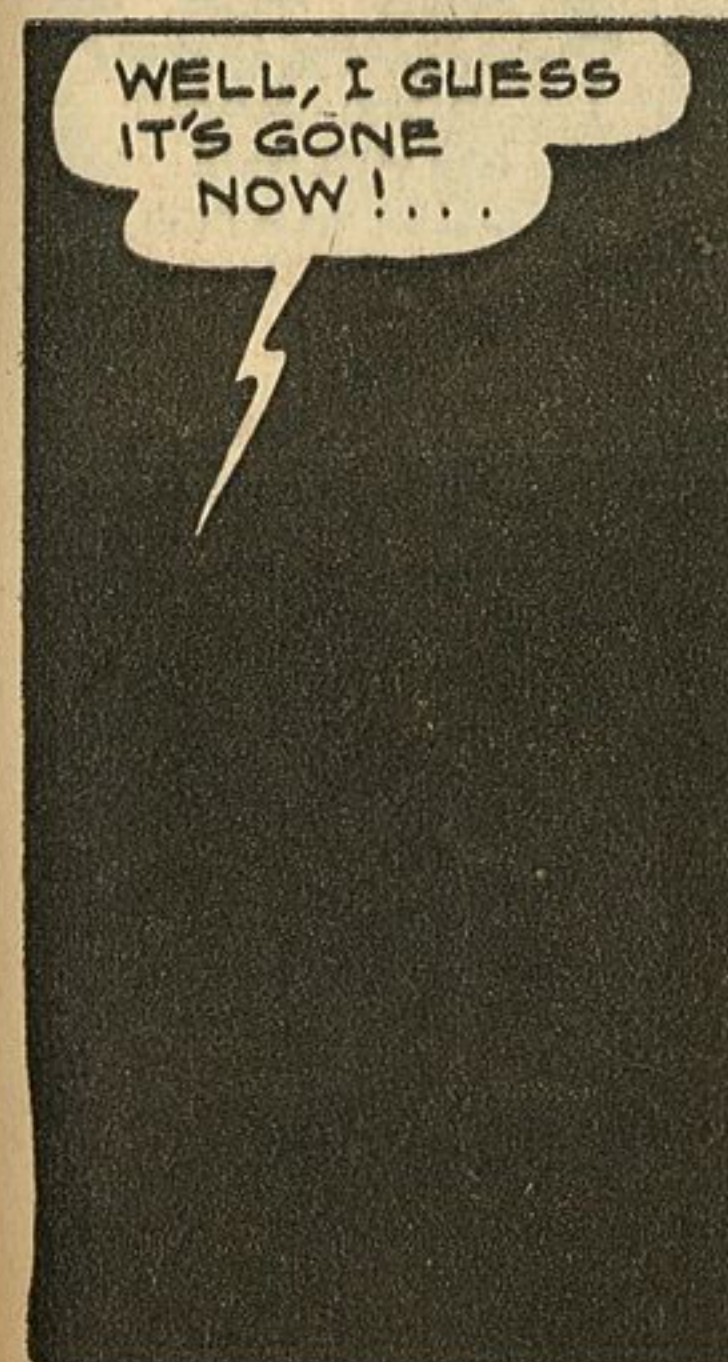
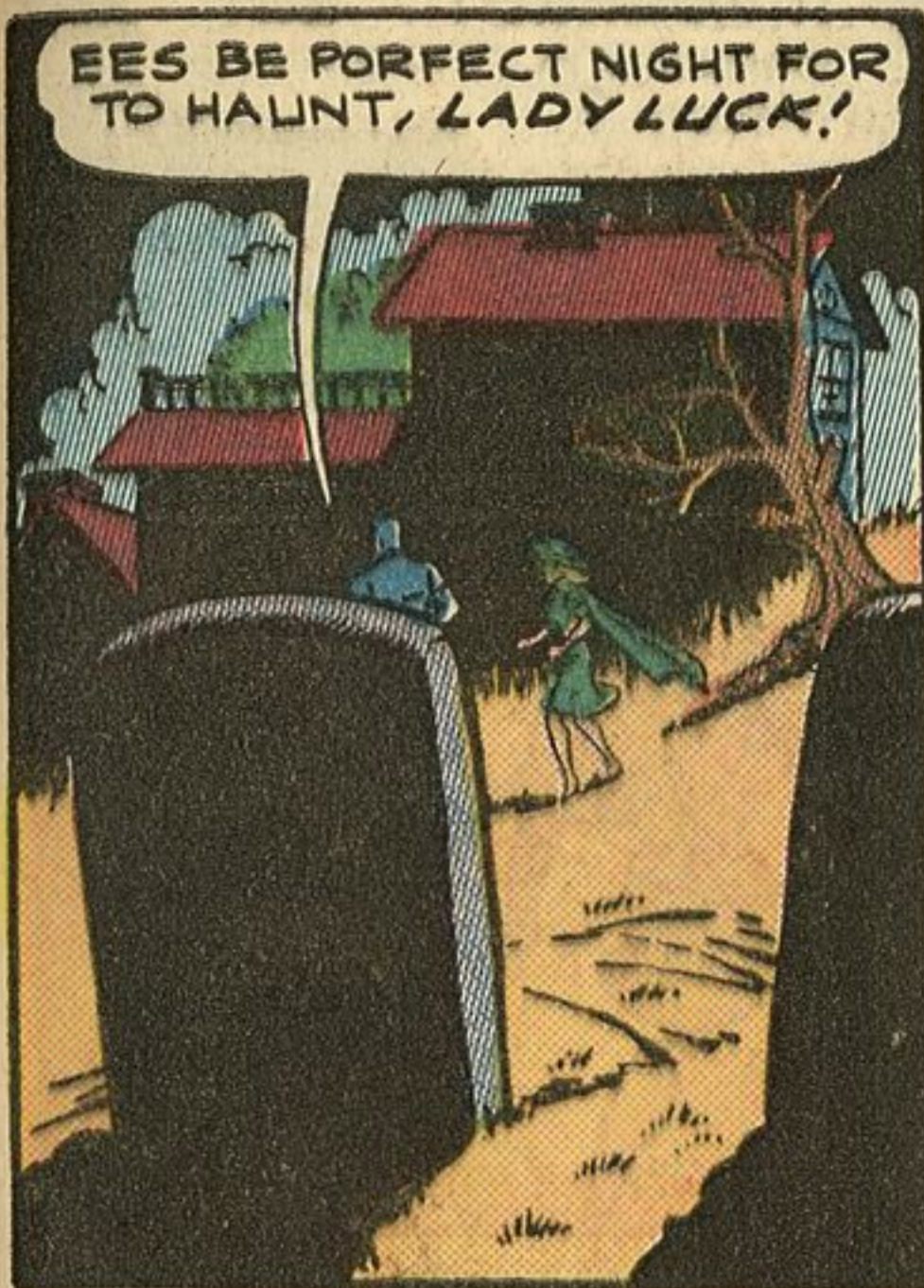
Later inspection, when a squad of them had advanced through the tunnel to the valley outlet, proved Jimmy's theory to be a good one. There was not a sign of life in the little valley. Every Jap was dead. Every one, that is, except a few stragglers, who must have had their masks on when the wave of gas fumes swept over them. But they proved little trouble. Klages' men picked them off from the tunnel outlet with rifles.

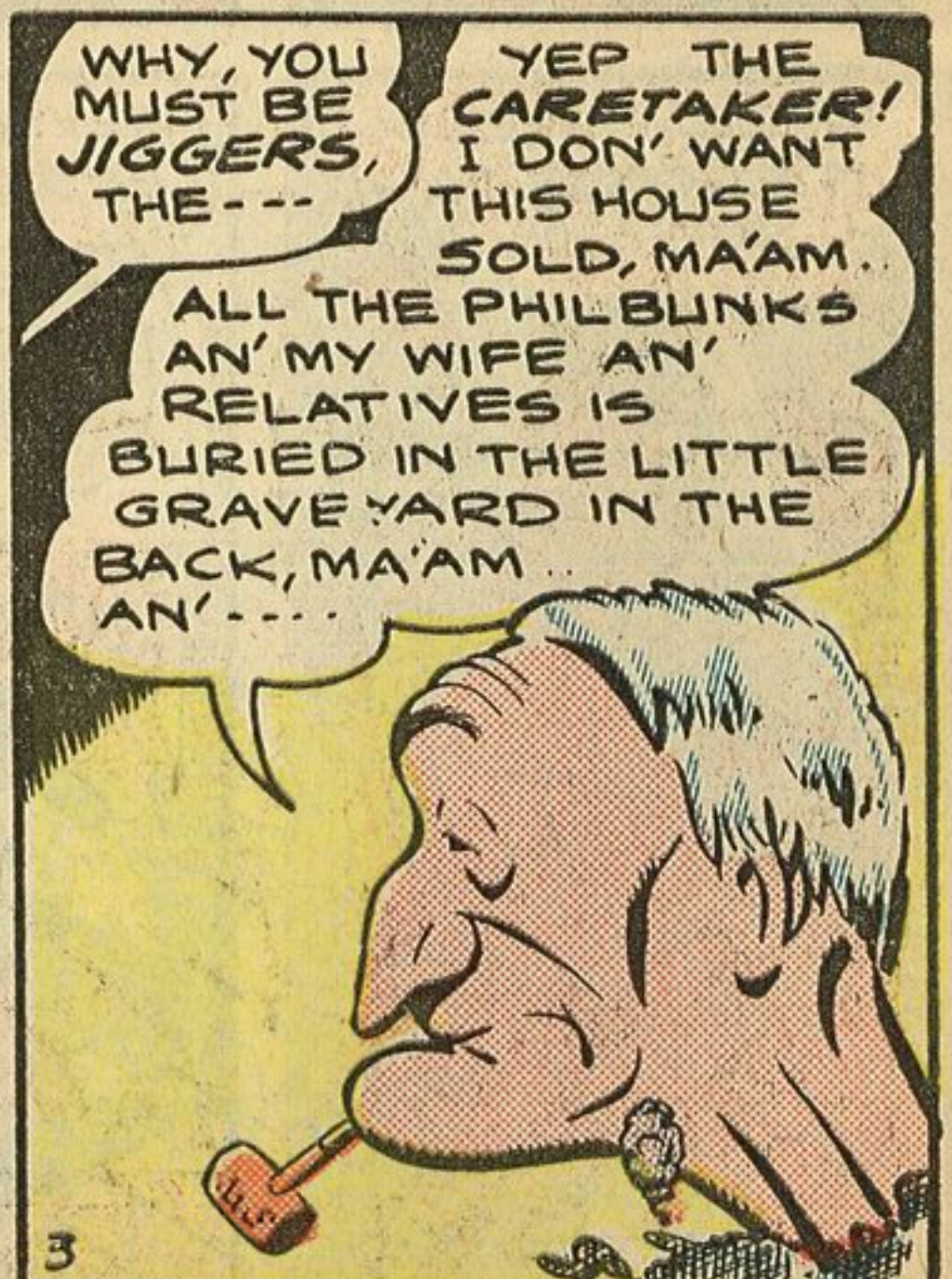
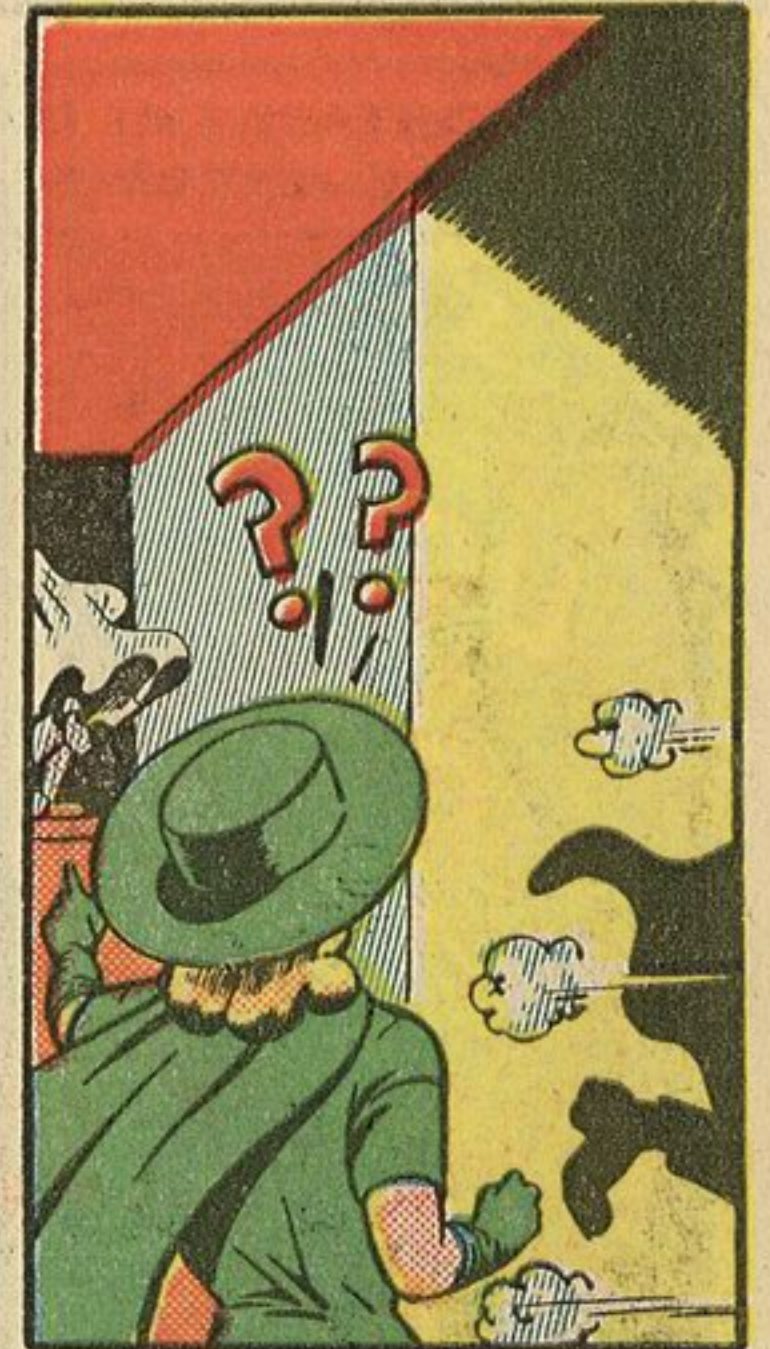
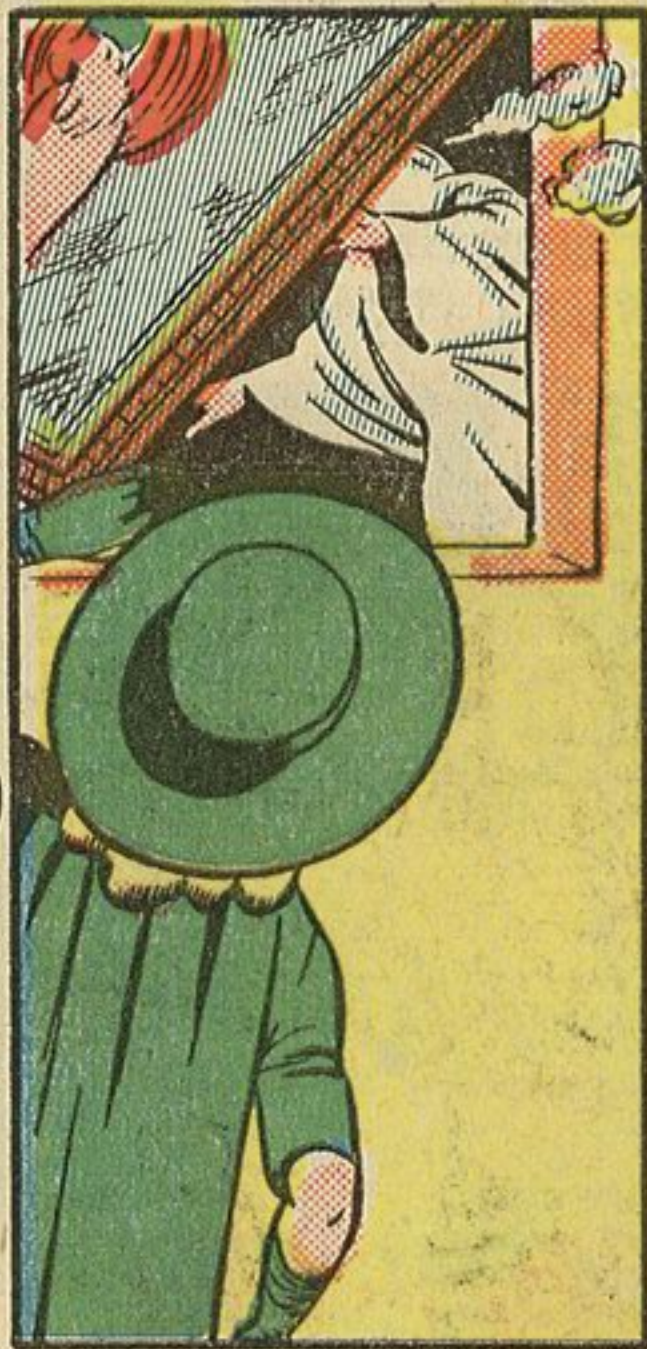
SMASH COMICS

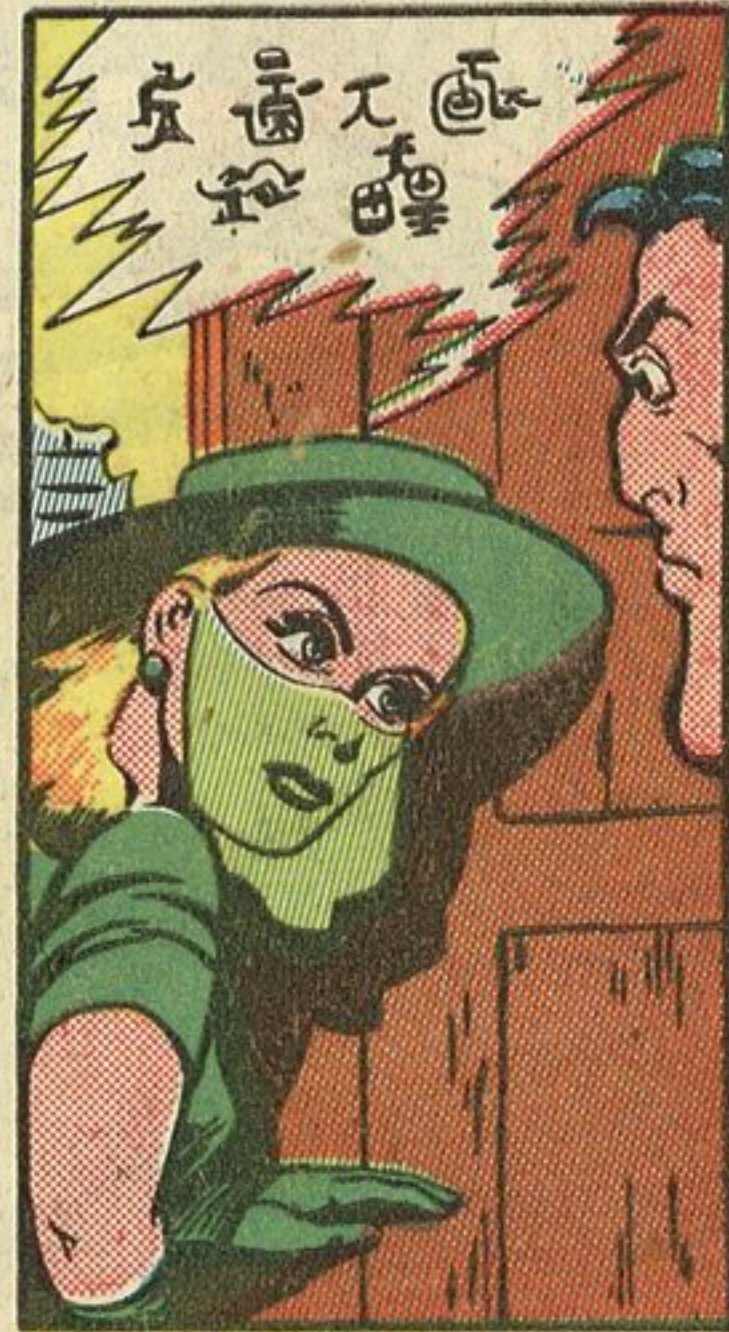
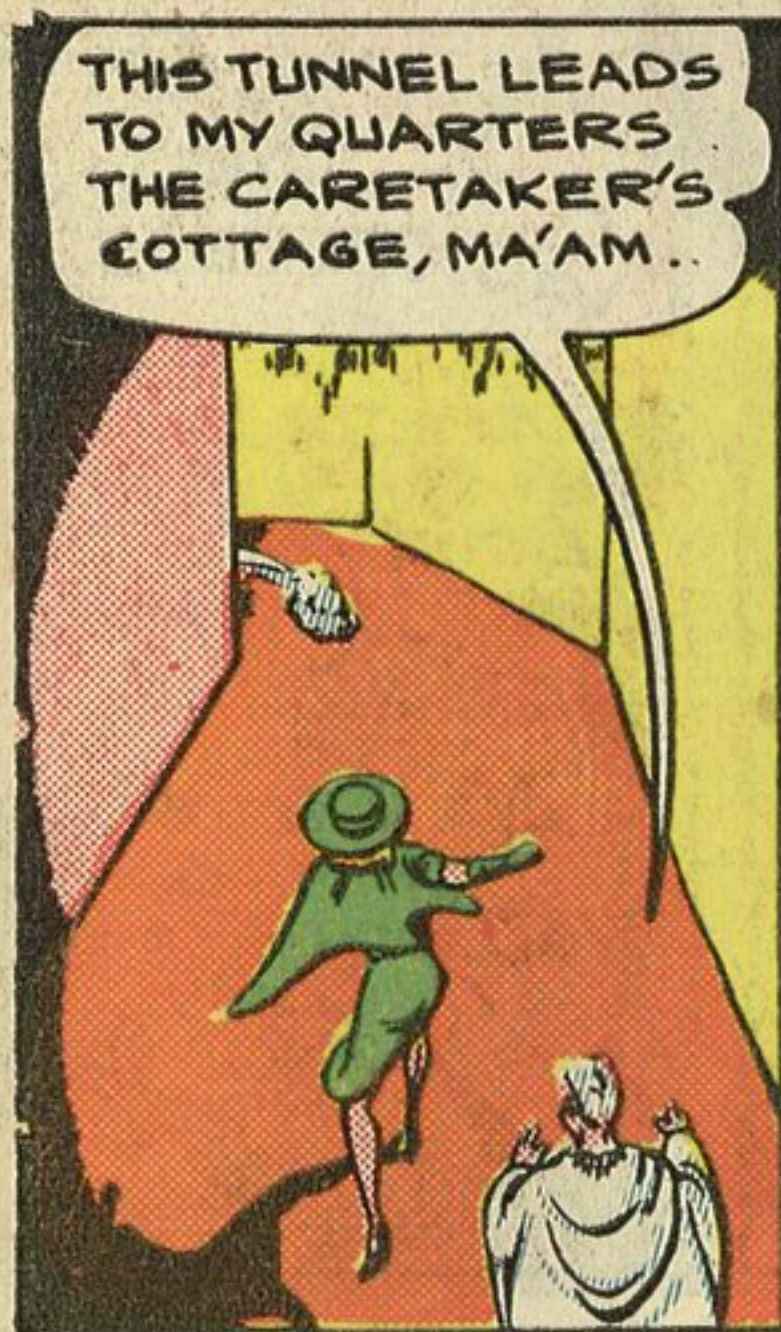
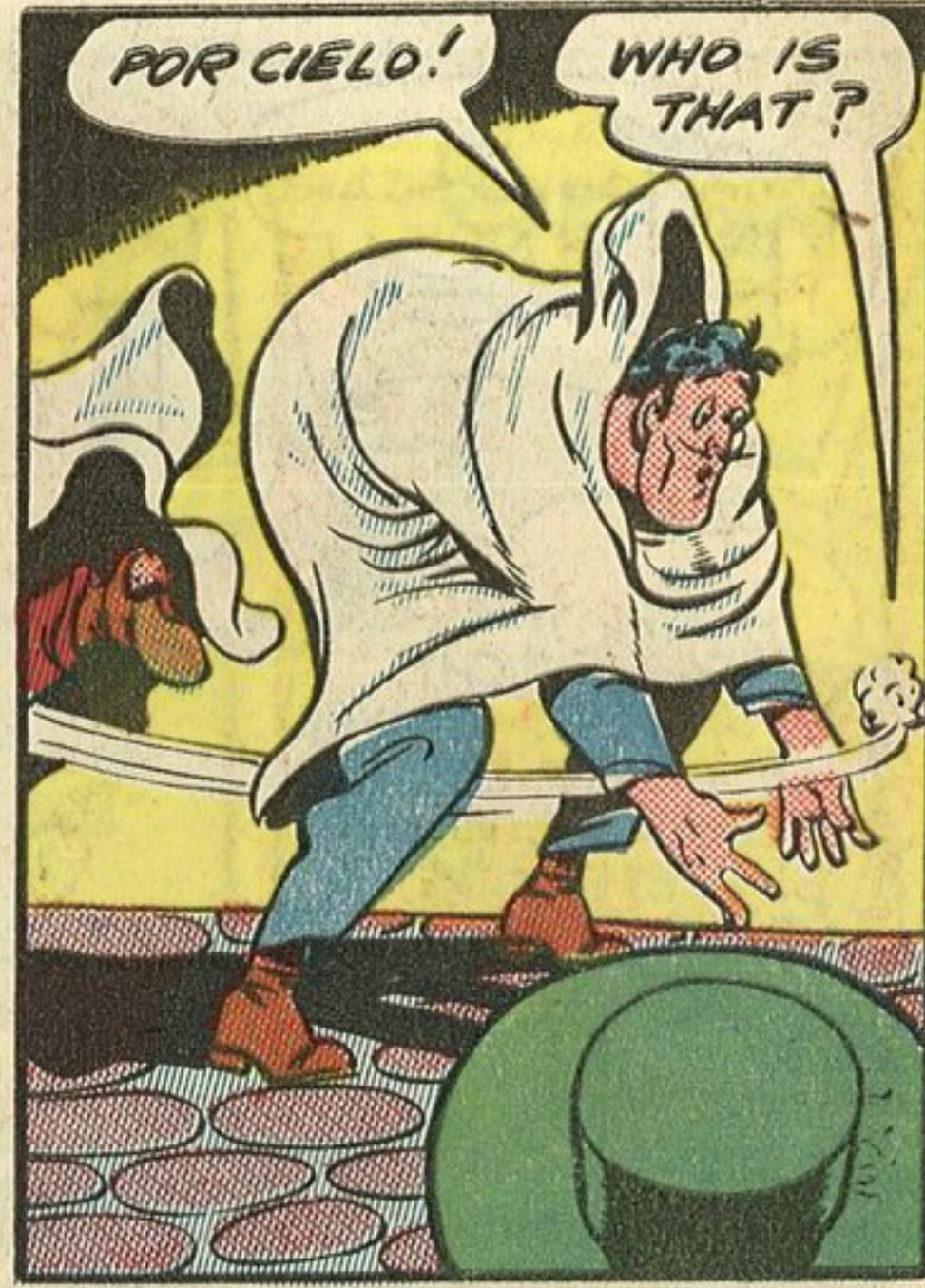
THE WORLD DOES NOT KNOW THE TRUE IDENTITY OF LADY LUCK BUT IF YOU WERE TO LIFT HER MASK, IT WOULD REVEAL THE FEATURES OF NONE OTHER THAN BRENDA BANKS, SOCIETY HEIRESS



SMASH COMICS









The Joke is on the Racketeers!

THEY DARE
DEFY THE LAW...
THEY CAN TAKE A
BEATING, EVEN
BRAVE DEATH!...
BUT WHEN OFFICER
CHUCK LANE
TURNS INTO THE
LARRUPING, LAUGHING
JESTER, THEY
CAN'T FACE HIS
FUN-MAKING!



GLAD TO
KNOW YOU,
JOHN! JUST
CALL ME
CHUCK!



ISN'T IT A BIT
MORE OFFICIAL
TO USE **LAST**
NAMES, LANE?

WHY, IF
YOU WANT
IT LIKE THAT--
OKAY,
SPENCER!



TAKES
HIMSELF
RATHER
SERIOUSLY,
MCGINTY!



YEAH...
LOTSA
ROOKIES
DO! ... HE'S
SMART -- AND
HE'LL GET OVER
IT -- WE
HOPE!

SMASH COMICS

ROOKIE SPENCER'S FIRST ASSIGNMENT...

I'VE BEEN SENT HERE FOR A PRISONER CALLED **STONEFACE**, TO TRANSFER HIM TO THE UPSTATE PENITENTIARY!

YEAH!... WATCH HIM! HE'S POISON!

THIS YOUNG MAN LOOKS AS SERIOUS AS MYSELF! I CONGRATULATE HIM!

REGULATIONS PROVIDE THAT PRISONERS SPEAK ONLY WHEN ADDRESSED!

27693

I'LL HAVE TO HANDCUFF YOU!..

WAIT, OFFICER! MY SHOE IS UNTIED!

TIE IT, THEN -- AND I'M WATCHING YOU CLOSELY!

DON'T WORRY! I'D NOT DARE RAISE MY HAND TO YOU --

THIS IS A TIME FOR HEADWORK!

HALT!

THAT DUMB ROOKIE COP LET HIM GET AWAY!

IS THIS TRUE?

EVERY WORD! I WAS AN IDIOT -- AND NOT FIT TO SERVE AS A POLICEMAN!

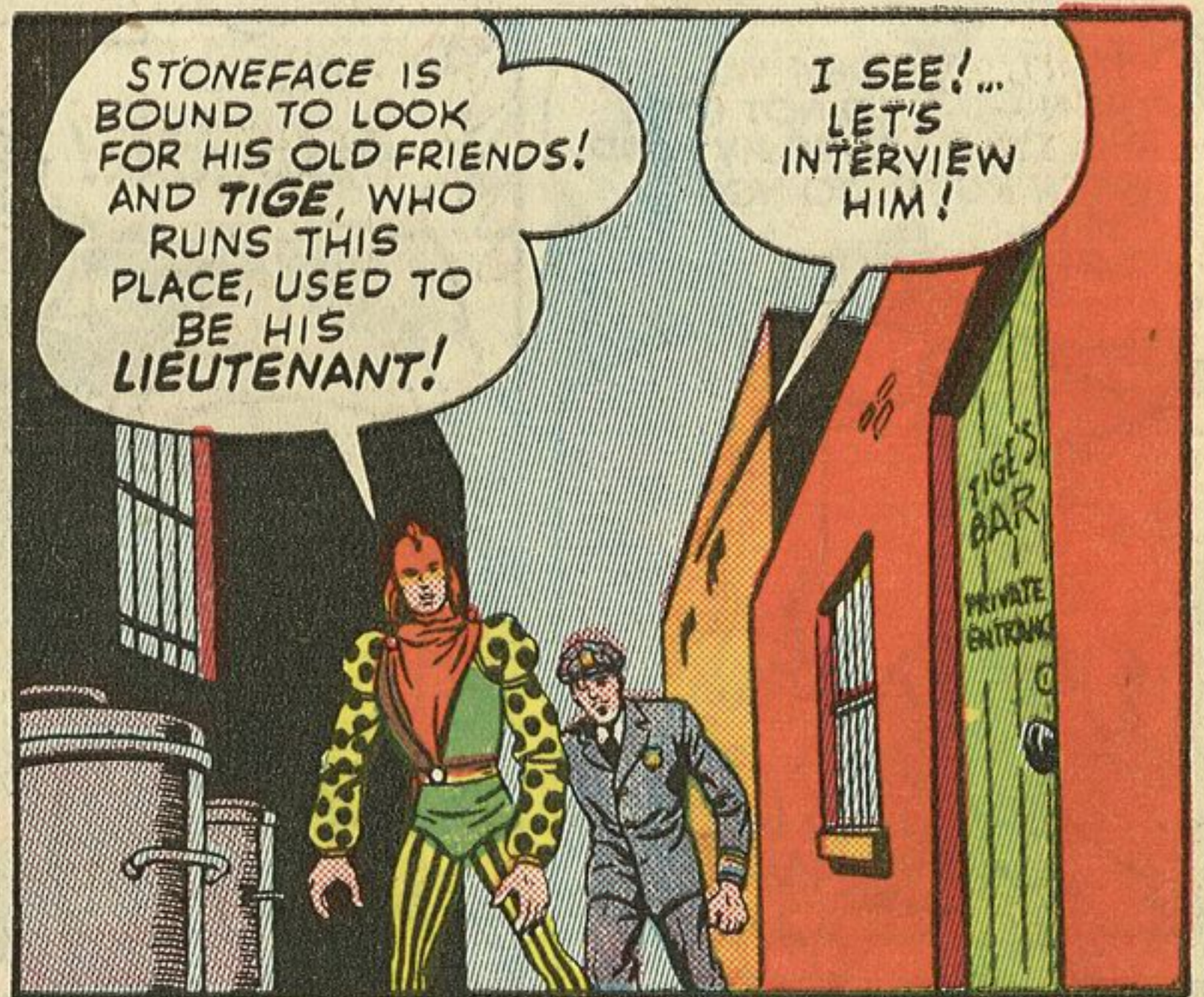
STONEFACE ESCAPES

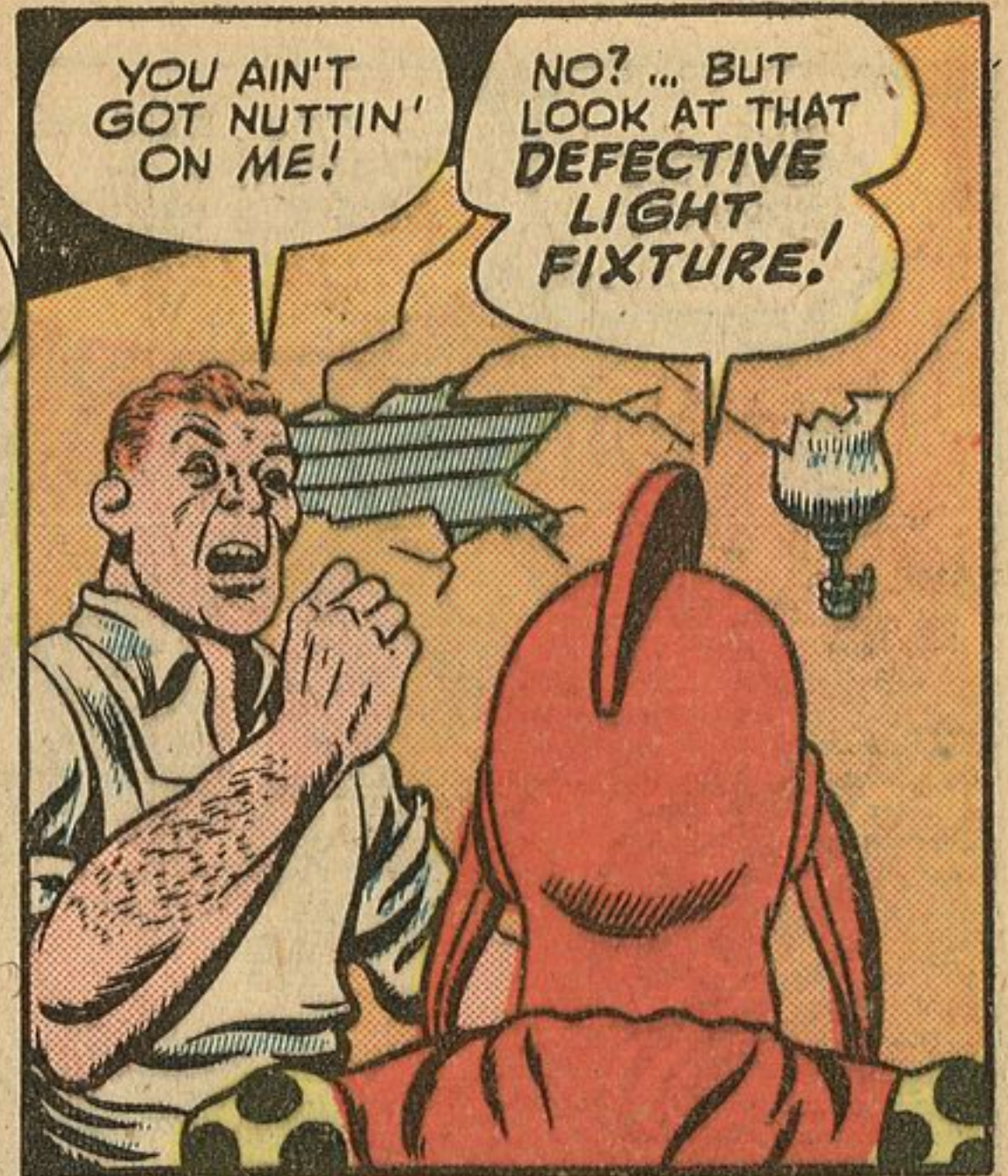
STEPPING OUT OF SIGHT, CHUCK LANE HURRIES OUT OF HIS UNIFORM --

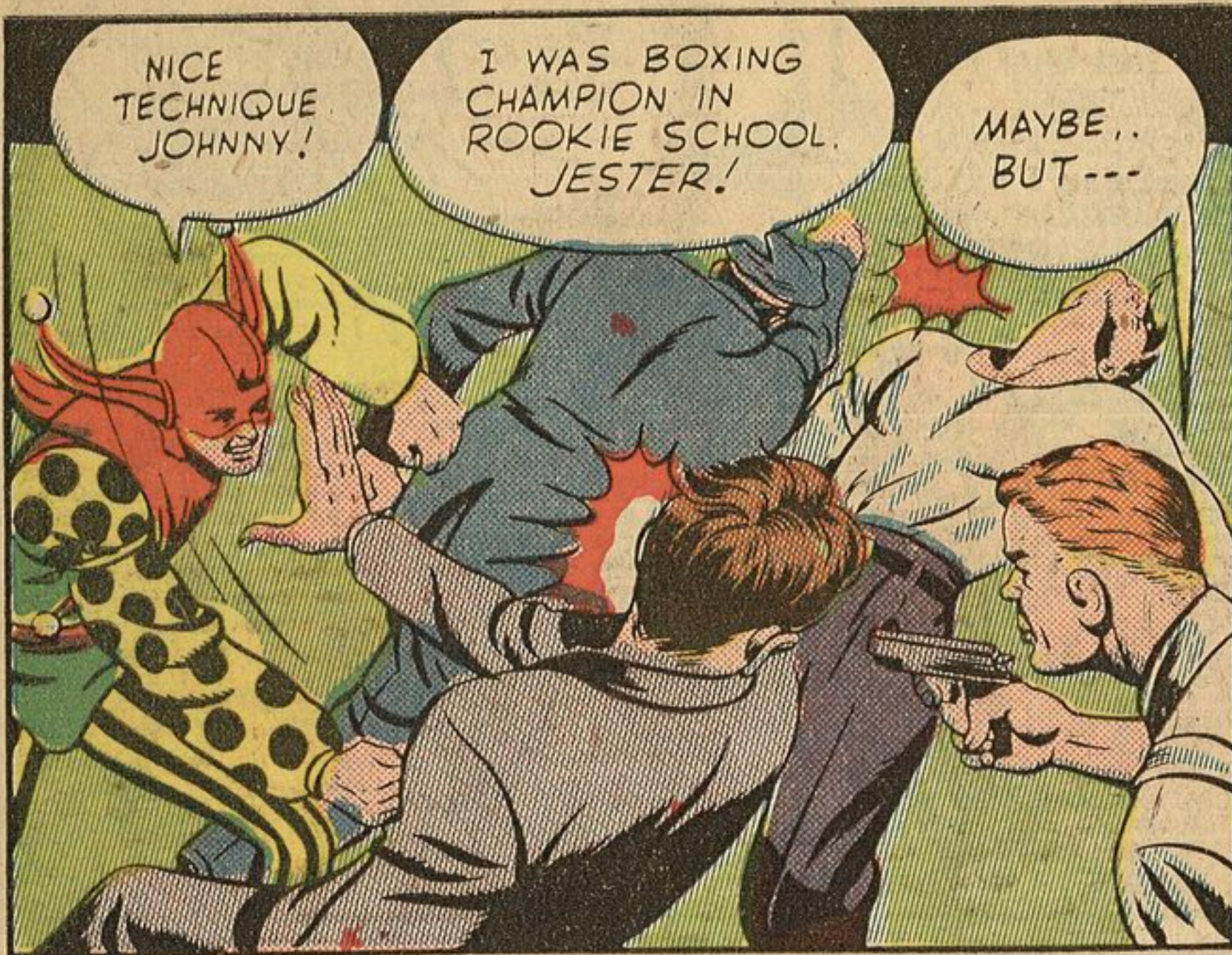
I'LL RESIGN AT ONCE!

WHAT HE NEEDS IS A VISIT FROM THE JESTER!

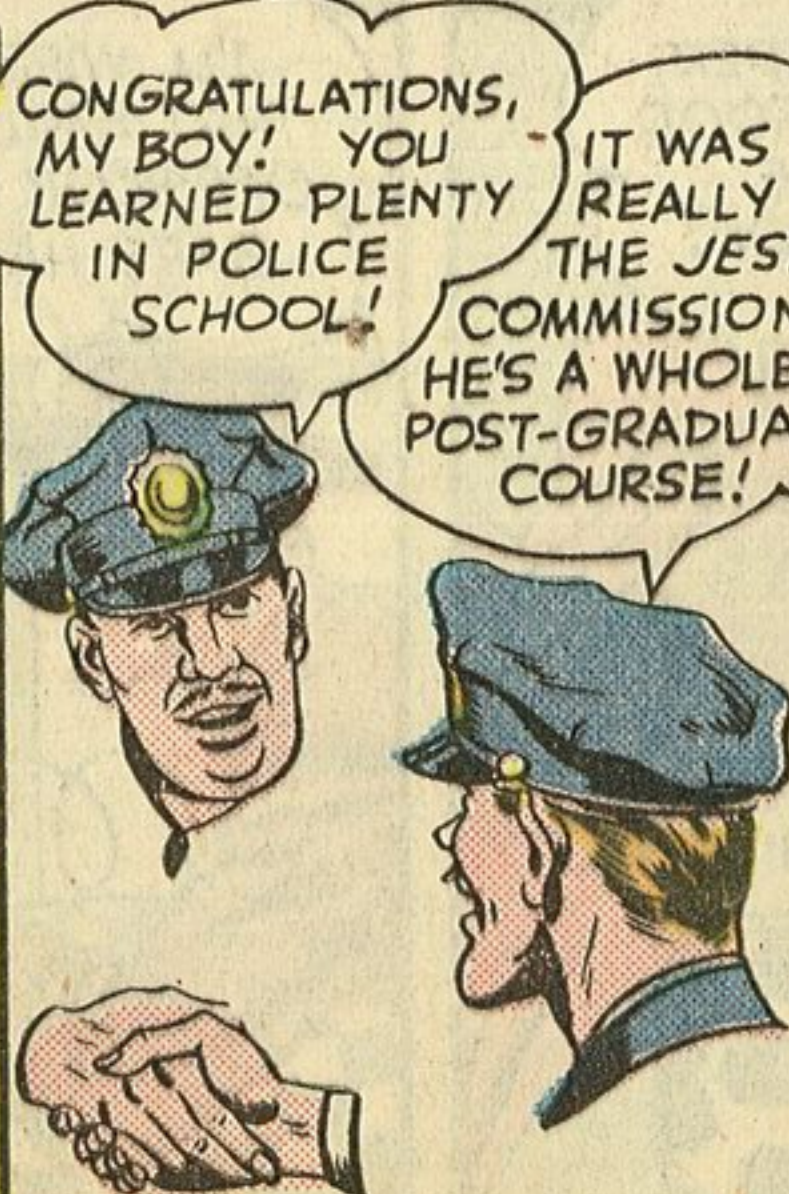
SMASH COMICS











TAKE YOUR PICK!



YOU can earn PRIZES like MAGIC! It's fun! It's easy. Take your pick of any of these prizes—the G-man set for instance—it's the real McCoy—complete with inking pad, dusting powders and magnifying glass. Or how about a flashlight, a watch or pen and pencil set? If you're a camper you'll get a real thrill out of owning the hand axe and knife. These can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazines. Mail the coupon and get started today.

Boys

EARN THESE PRIZES AND MAKE MONEY TOO

All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. It will not interfere with school or other activities. Just think—a few hours a week will net you a cash income of your own and any of the prizes you may choose from my PRIZE BOOK, which is packed from cover to cover with a super selection of items—a few of which are shown here. Start today by filling in the coupon which you can paste on a penny postcard—or if you prefer, just write to

MR JIM THAYER DEPT 21
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co
Springfield, Ohio

Mr. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 21
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away

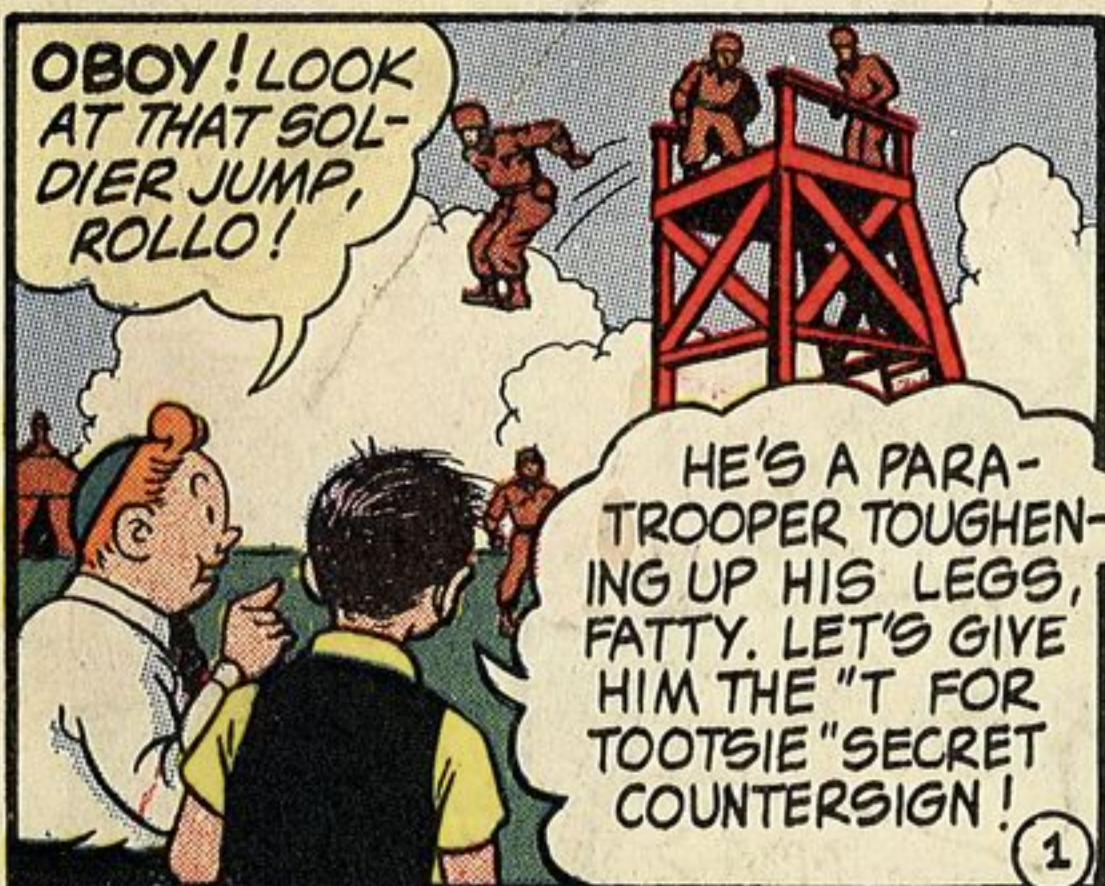
NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____ (*)Postal Unit No. _____

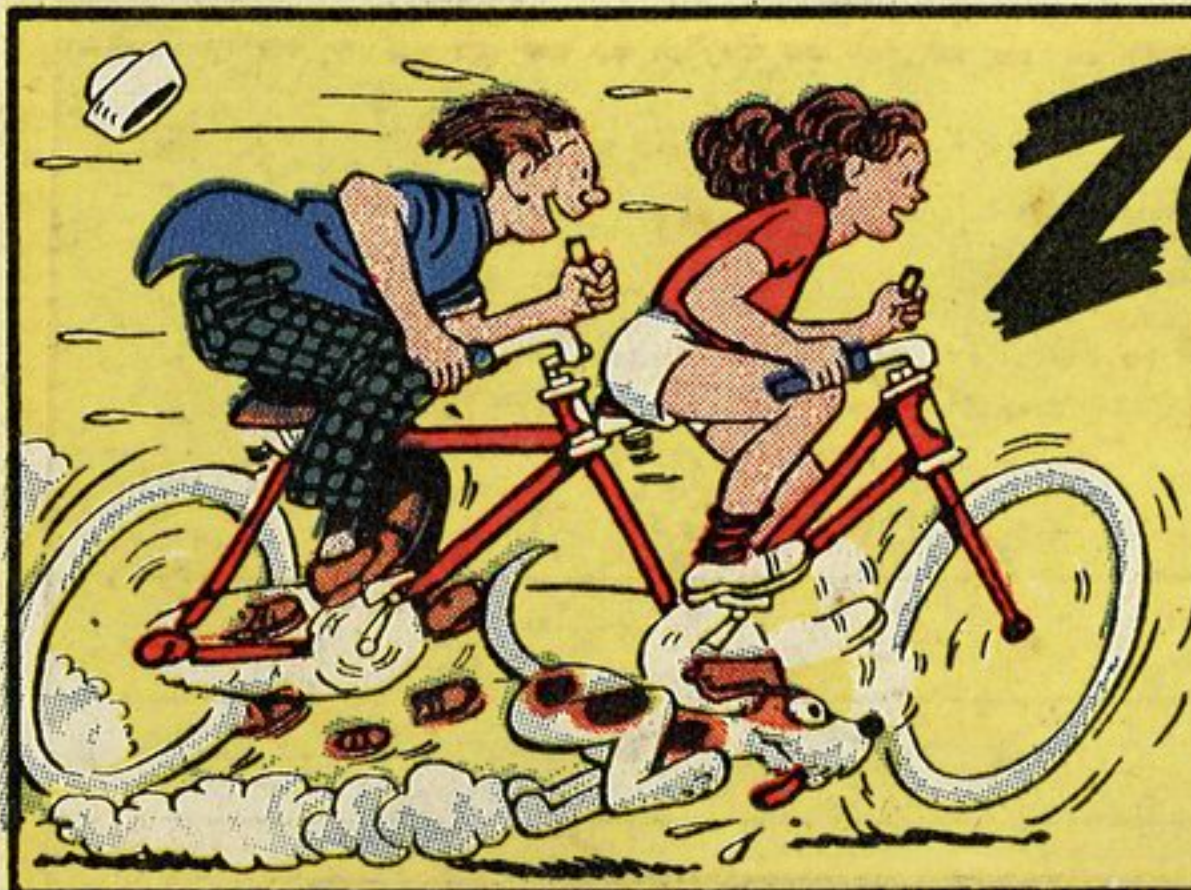
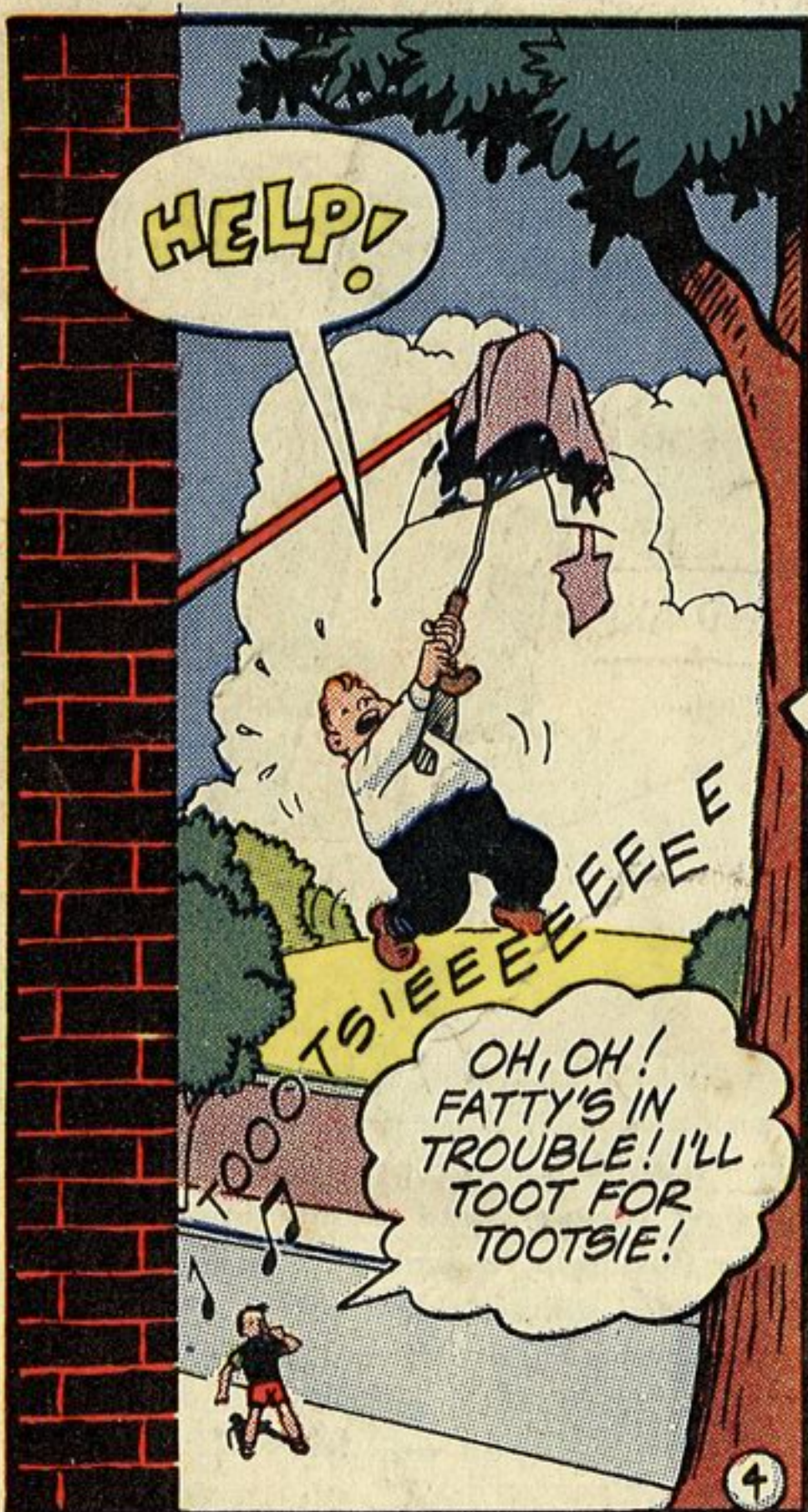
CITY _____ STATE _____ (*) If your city is so divided

Captain TOOTSIE AND THE BUMBERSHOOT JUMP!

BY ROD REED AND C. C. BECK



LATER... FATTY DOES A VERY FOOLISH AND DANGEROUS THING!



ZOWIE!

IMAGINE GETTING AS MUCH ENERGY from a *Cherry, Chocolate* TOOTSIE ROLL AS YOU USE TO RIDE A BICYCLE 3 MILES!

• Yes, Tootsie Rolls are not only delicious. They're fine food! They're made with milk, enriched with dextrose — and give you energy you need to win! And they give you energy fast. You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles seconds after you pop a Tootsie Roll into your mouth! Try a Tootsie!



Still Only 1¢